

MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S,

By Mr. EWAN CLARK.

—Sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocofo.—

HOR.

WHITEHAVEN:

Printed by J. WARE and SON.

MDCCLXXIX.

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ERNEST LEWIS GAY
JUNE 15, 1927

Contains the following references to John Gay: — p. 12, verses 5+6; p. 139, verses 15+16 with note; to his "Sweet William's farewell", p. 272, verses 7+8, p. 275, verses 12+13, and pp. 247-50, "The impress, a ballad", which is apparently founded on the same ballad.

The latter part of "The adventures of a shilling, a poem" relates to Boston and the Battle of Bunker Hill, (see pp. 307-15).

Also contains numerous poems in the Cumberland dialect

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES HOWARD,
EARL of SURREY.

MY LORD,

AMBITIOUS to lay hold on any plausible opportunity of expressing those Sentiments of Veneration and Respect for your Lordship's Character, which I feel in common with every Native of Cumberland, and at the same Time anxious to send these my little Labours into the World under every Advantage,—I beg Leave, with all due Deference and Submission, to inscribe them to your Lordship.

The Miscellany has been the Product of those Hours, which were stolen from a Life checquered and embarrassed with various Engagements. The Compositions, which it contains, have afforded me Amusement and Relief, when oppressed with Care, and fatigued with Labour; and should their Publication fulfil my fervent Wish of engaging Attention to Sentiments of Virtue and Decorum, I shall then be unwilling to fear the Work will be deemed

iv DEDICATION.

altogether unworthy your Lordship's favourable Protection.

Tho' a Stranger to your Lordship's Person, yet the known Generosity of your Sentiments encourages me to hope for your Lordship's Pardon of this Address. Small, indeed, would be my claim to your Pardon and Protection, was my Plea to be rested upon the Merits of the Miscellany. The Motive, indeed, of this Dedication is strictly confined to the disinterested Impulse which prompts me to join in the general Applause of your Lordship's Character and Conduct.

That your Lordship may ever merit the Title of the ~~Friend~~ FRIEND OF FREEDOM, and the Patron of whatever is pleasing, praise-worthy, and useful in Literature, and that your Lordship may be recorded in the Annals of Fame for those Virtues, for which the HOWARDS, in all Ages, have been so conspicuously eminent, is the sincere Wish of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and very humble Servant,

Wigton.

EWAN CLARK.

P R E F A C E.

MY Book had already been some time in the hands of the Printer, before I thought of a Preface, and now that I sit down to write one, I confess I can find but little to say. Why, indeed, should I practise all the little, vain coquetry of authors, that has been so often, and so justly ridiculed? Why should I pretend to motives for publication which never existed, make awkward apologies for defects, which I ought to have amended, or rail against Critics and Reviewers, whose judgment, after all, will be deemed better than my own?—If I must write a Preface, I am determined to be at once both brief and candid.

Leisure and a fondness for the Muses first led me to attempt to write verses. The persuasions of my friends, seconded, perhaps, by my own vanity, induced me to give some detached pieces to the public. The approbation these met with flattered me to hope the Collection I now offer might not

be unacceptable. At length I had the boldness to make my proposals, and the success I have acquired gives me no reason to repent of my temerity. My Subscription-List is, beyond my hopes, respectable and numerous. I am abundantly content: nay more, I am sincerely thankful; and I beg my friends to accept of my unfeigned, grateful acknowledgements for the honour they have done me. In return, I can with great truth assure them that I have done every thing in my power to render my Book worthy of their acceptance and approbation; and tho' I am well convinced it may still stand in need of much indulgence, yet I flatter myself, I have so far succeeded, that no defects will be found which their candour may not prompt them to dispense with.

Edm. Clark

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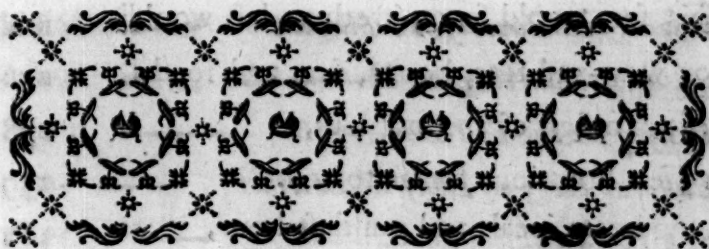
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A

W I S H.



MUSE! thy aid indulgent bring,
 To grace the humble wish I sing.
 For thy kind aid my bosom pants,
 To speak my wishes, and my wants.

With numbers smooth inspire my song;

My notes with artless ease prolong.

The meanest of thy tuneful train

Implores; nor let him call in vain!

Grant first, kind Heav'n! if good it seem,

Health to enjoy my wishing dream.

Next, five and twenty pounds per ann.

To think of less what Poet can?

B

This

This sum would serve (troth no less wou'd)
For wear-and-tear, books, fire, and food.
Let not a sigh escape my soul,
In life's luxurious scenes to roll.
A moderate meal, and guiltless hour,
Bring joys which wealth cou'd ne'er procure,
Contiguous to my cot, clay-rais'd,
(Small's my ambition, God be prais'd !)
A river should meand'ring glide,
Amplly with Eel, and Trout supply'd.
Oft down its verdant banks I'd stray,
And, angling, pass the pleasing Day.
The shining fly shou'd shade my hook,
To tempt the rovers of the brook.
When Winter's bleak and boisterous reign
Spreads dreary prospects o'er the plain,
Snug by my fire I'd take my seat,
And cull from books a mental treat.
Oft times I'd to the Mains* repair,
The joys of social chat to share ;
And when the nation we've set right,
With Cribbage we'll conclude the Night.

A Wife

* Where a particular friend of the Author lives.

A wife—a good one could I meet—
Wou'd crown my happiness compleat.

Let hares and foxes, horn and hound,
Lead sport-struck youths whole counties round;
From me avert the ills that wait
The braving of a five-barr'd gate!

Should the kind gods in gifts abound,
And add the smallest plat of ground,
Here flowers shou'd rise in rich array,
And spread their beauties to the day;
Here aromatic plants shou'd please
The stranger in the balmy breeze.

Thus may my years steal sweetly round,
With health, books, sport, and friendship crown'd;
And when I yield to death's controul,
May Heav'n receive my fleeting soul!





A DREAM.

OFT have I mus'd with deep surprize,
 "What! Fortune painted wanting eyes!"
 Hence comes (thought I) beyond a doubt,
 That fools are *in*, and wise men *out*;
 For how, in wonder's name, when blind,
 True merit see, or virtue find?
 Was I one day dame Fortune's keeper,
 She should, for once, squint with one peeper.
 Then would she see, with half an eye,
 Her ill-plac'd partiality:
 That her kind favours, hood-wink'd granted,
 Are heap'd where least of all they're wanted:
 That worthless knaves warm chambers meet,
 Whilst merit's sons starve in the street.
 This thought took in my brain such place,
 Sleep's pow'r could not its form efface;
 For in soft Morpheus' arms when laid,
Queen Mab kept hov'ring round my head:
 Usurp'd her light, fantastick reign,
 In airy visions o'er my brain.

Methought

Methought a golden throne, high-rais'd,
With diamonds deck'd, refulgent blaz'd.
The Goddess Fortune grac'd the seat ;
Kingdoms lay strew'd beneath her feet.
Her maid, Miss *Whim Caprice* drew near,
And whisper'd in the Goddess' ear :
" Thus, Ma'am, and thus your favours scatter,
" Fill *this* fool's bags, and *that* rogue's platter :
" 'Twere fit you dub *this* block-head great,
" *That* ass a minister of state ;
" *This* parasite a pension give,
" And titles to *yon* tawdry knave."

The Goddess listens to her tale,
And Miss *Whim's* pleadings all prevail ;
Or right or wrong there was no flaw,
Miss *Whim's* bare word was binding law.

Strange blunders now were brought to pass ;
Sir Wisdom's wrote, where should be *ass*.
In Nature's book what finds the place
Of groom, in Fortune's is---*your grace*.
Embroider'd velvets load the backs,
Which Nature meant to carry packs.
That star-stuck lord, with look elate,
Shou'd mend old shoes, not mar the state.

Those bums, which on soft wool-packs fit,
A porter's bench wou'd better fit.
Those silk-crown'd heads, and flowing locks,
What odds 'twixt them, and barbers' blocks?
Generals, that shou'd true courage wear,
Wore chicken gloves, and powder'd hair,
Macaroni's---which for men I took---
Were *apes*, wrote large in Nature's book,
Patriots---their names, when read aright,
Stood *turn-coats*, clear as noon-day light;
Save one fair character; I ween
RICHMOND's the god-like man I mean.
Ladies, cork-rump'd, with sheep-tails crown'd,
Were---*ladies* still, wherever found.
True merit, in a thread-bare suit,
Was laugh'd at, kick'd, and cuff'd about,
The king---long may he live I pray!
The king was *king*---that's all I say.
Th' unhappiest blunder that I find,
Was Justice, sword in hand, *stone-blind*.

The owl tu-hoo'd a dreadful scream;
I wak'd; and here you have my dream.

The



The Robin-red-breast, and the Cat.

A Fable.

ONE morn, when snows bestrew'd the ground,
 And frost each pool in fetters bound,
 A *Robin*, pinch'd through hunger's power,
 Made free t' approach a farmer's door.
 Nor bolts, nor bars his entrance stopp'd ;
 The door was open ; in he hopp'd.
 He star'd around with vast surprize ;
 The scene was new to *Robin's* eyes.
 He duck'd his head, as who shou'd say,
 " God blefs you, folks, this frosty day !"
 Now bolder grown, he hopp'd around,
 And pick'd the crumbs from off the ground.
 His little crop soon fill'd with meat,
 Kind *Jenny* crumbled as he eat.
 " Blest chance to lead me," (*Robin* said)
 " To where I'm warm'd, to where I'm fed !
 " May ne'er mischance this house molest,
 " And may *that* hand be doubly blest ;

" May

“ May pains, and sickness cease t’intrude !”
Then chirp’d a song of gratitude.

Grimalkin heard the tempting air,
And fly crept from beneath a chair.
He lick’d his whiskers, fix’d his eyes,
And sprung upon his fluttering prize.
“ Ah me ! ah me ! what woes betide !
“ Spare, spare my life !” poor Robin cry’d.
“ Shew mercy, as thou’dst mercy find ;
“ I ne’er harm’d cat, or kitten kind,
“ Let man’s example be thy guide”——
Fool ! so it is the cat reply’d.
Look round, and thou shalt view, each day,
Man making man his eager pray,
The helpless, harmless, rest assur’d,
Ne’er fail, like thee, to be devour’d :
Thus spoke the Cat with visage grim,
Then tore the trembler limb from limb.



SWEET



SWEET ANNA. A Song.

I.

WHEN Anna dances on the green
Each swain enamour'd stares,
To view her beauteous, graceful mein,
And soft, bewitching airs.

II.

When Anna sings, each list'ning ear
Hangs on the rapturous strains ;
Hush'd are the busy sons of care,
And wond'ring silence reigns.

III.

When Anna to the Harvest goes,
Adorn'd with matchless grace,
Each swain away his fickle throws,
To gaze on Anna's face.

IV.

When Anna cooks the sweet repast,
With hands snow-white, and clean,

B 5

Bless'd

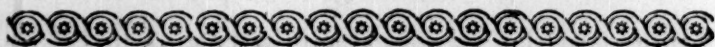
Bless'd are the lips that can but taste,
Where Anna's hands have been!

V.

When, joining in the rural game,
At Blind-man's-buff they play,
What fluttering pleasures seize the swain,
That makes sweet Ann his prey;

VI.

But ah! what raptures must he feel,
(More soft than tongue can name)
Who's luck to trip sweet Anna's heel,
At Matrimony's game.



The Poet's Complaint to Poverty.

TO thee, pale Goddess Poverty, I sing,
Tune my low voice and touch the lyric
string.

Oft-times have I thy pallid visage view'd,
Thy power confess'd, and to thy prowess bow'd.

Oft

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. II

Oft hast thou visited and oft carest,
 And hugg'd me, fainting, to thy feeble breast:
 O'er my cold limbs thy thin-wove mantle spread,
 And to thy portals oft my footsteps led,
 Hunger, thirst, cares at thy commandment run,
 To hail, and crown me thy conspicuous son.
 O, learned orators! even now I feel,
 Your powerful rhet'rick pleading for a meal.
 Where turn my face to smell a dinner? where
 The sweets of beef and pudding once to share?
 Thin-furnish'd cupboards are most frightful sights;
 Parnass' sharp air creates keen appetites.
 Oft to the sons of song is giv'n the curse,
 In piteous strains to mourn an empty purse.
 Hunger by day pursues them, and by night
 Dunces and dungeons in their dreams affright.
 This the full praise their labours can procure,
 "The man has parts---but then he's plaguy poor."
 If these the bays that crown the Poet's head,
 In paths poetic who would wish to tread?
 Who'd curtail vowels, and condemn his time,
 And rack his brain to force a frigid rhyme,
 Own the lame brats her teeming museship sends,
 And count their feet upon his fingers' ends!

Some

Some bard perhaps will cry, "It is for fame
 "I wield the pen to gain a deathless name."
 Alas deluded! lost are all thy pains;
 These days produce no sweet Ovidian strains;
 No *Pope*---no *Gay* now charms the list'ning throng;
 Their oaten reeds have bid adieu to song.
 Of these poor lines the doom, O Muse relate;
 The Muse, prophetic, thus declares their fate:
 "They shall to honours high and bright aspire:
 Shall singe fat capons by the kitchen fire:
 Shall, when the dame prepares her Christmas-treat,
 Protect minc'd pies from th' oven's scorching heat,
 Perchance their fate to wing a nobler flight,
 And soar triumphant---in a paper-kite!"



A Search after Content.

I.

WHERE dwells the heav'n-born maid,
 Content?

With kings and princes high in fame?

Alas! her absence they lament;

They only know her by her name.

With

II.

With dukes and lords, these great, small
things,
Has she ta'en up her blest'd abode?
Alas! tho' still on pleasure's wings,
They ne'er yet met her on the road.

III.

Doth she with traffick's sons remain?
Superintend their rich fill'd store?
Alas! our search is here in vain;
"A Plumb! and then we'll crave no more."

IV.

In vain we've search'd the city round,
Nor yet find where she rests her head;
Quit we this field, and try fresh ground,
In hopes to meet the heav'n-born maid.

V.

Rous'd with the horn's heart-raising found,
Sir John rides forth to beat for game;
Alas! she cannot here be found;
Sir John is jealous of his dame.

The

14 A COLLECTION of

VI.

The 'Squire's large house, parks, ponds, and
walks,
Perhaps invite the heav'n-born guest ;
Alas ! she visits not the folks,
That make of heaven, and priests a jest.

VII.

The vicar, in his snug retreat,
Bless'd with each joy heav'n e'er has gi'en,
Here oft the visitant we meet,
But---rogues will wrong him of his teen.

VIII.

Fruitless the search, and vain I fear——
With straw-thatch'd cots we'll last make free—
What graceful female sojourns here ?
CONTENT, blest maid, 'tis she ! 'tis she !



EPIGRAM



E P I G R A M.

AS tall Sir Slender walk'd the street to day,
 A Wag exclaim'd "good God! Sir Slender, pray
 "How chanc'd that to walk forth your honour
 chose?
 "You're such a spectacle from heel to nose!"
 How——what the plague's the matter friend?——
 what fight?
 "Why, bless my eyes! you're full *seven feet* in
 height."



This is the Thing. A Song.

I.

AGold lac'd hat, and a feather,
 A sword cros his buttocks to swing,
 Pumps made of red morocco leather,
 With a fop, Sir——this is the Thing.

II.

A pension——three thousand per year
 Oils of my Lord's chariot the springs;

He

He purfes the gold with a sneer,
Shakes his bag, and cries "these are the Things!"

III.

Plump Aldermen to the Mayor's feast
Deep stomachs, well feason'd will bring;
Seven pounds don't disturb in the least;
Seven pounds——but no less is the Thing.

IV.

The 'Squire with his hounds and his horn
Makes hills, dales, and vallies to ring;
O'er hedge, gate and ditch he is borne;
With him, Sir, Fox-hunting's the Thing.

V.

The Tradesman, with speech smooth and civil,
His wares on the counter will fling;
He'll dupe you in spite of the d——l;
With him——cent. per cent. is the Thing.

VI.

Th' Attorney, that rogues by the great;
More sharp than the Bee has a sting;
By due course of law he must cheat;
——But this cannot, sure, be the Thing.

VII.

VII.

The Ale-wife cries, "pray, Sir, sit down,"
 Marks two for each mug that she'll bring;
 To twelve points the Dial when noon?
 Sure as *that*,---*this*---this is the Thing.

VIII.

Fair ladies, with patch, paint and lace,
 With heads cock-a-too'd, and ear-rings,
 Demand with sweet, simpering grace,
 Pray, Gentlemen, an't *we* the Things?"

IX.

The Miser, whose bags, hid from day,
 Are ty'd from the poor with a string,
 Shall shake when the d—I shall say,
 "Hold—hold! friend, I claim *my own Thing*."

X.

Me, likely you'll reckon an afs,
 And swear like an owl that I sing;
 Unnotic'd the censure shall pass,
 For I think---I'm not far off the Thing.



The Interposition of Reason.

THE sun to Western worlds had bent its way,
 And gold-ting'd clouds adorn'd the parting day,
 When sad Alonzo fought the silent grove,
 Where oft Sabina sooth'd his soul to love,
 But now no more; Tinchardo's tinsell'd charms,
 Have lur'd Sabina from Alonzo's arms.
 His wan-wax'd cheek he on his hand reclin'd,
 And, mournful, thus reliev'd his loaded mind.

“ This grove no more can charm Alonzo's eyes;

“ Me, and this grove the false Sabina flies.

“ No more the feather'd tribes' melodious lay

“ Can please : Sabinia's sweeter voice away.

“ No more fresh floating fragrance fills the gale;

“ Sabinia's breath perfumes yon happier vale.

“ That rose looks pale, this lilly droops its head,

“ And seem, with me, to mourn Sabinia fled.

“ The rill has lost its liquid melody;

“ Nor sound my ear, nor object charms my eye;

“ Nought, nought can charm, when no Sa-

binia's nigh.

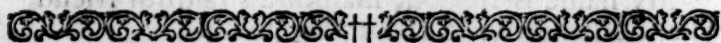
“ False,

" False, cruel fair one! why, ah why constrain
 " My heart to heave with grief at ev'ry vein?
 " Unfair return for all my anxious care,
 " Thus to forsake, and drive me to despair!
 " But here I swear, by thy inconstant light,
 " Thou silver-suited Empress of the night!
 " That ere to-morrow's sun shall gild this grove,
 " I'll bid adieu to all the pang's of love.
 " Life now hangs heavy on Alonzo's head,
 " Sabinia flies, and ev'ry joy is fled."

He rose, and, pensive sought the per'lous, steep
 And craggy cliff that high o'er-- hung the deep—
 Here while he stood, and, with his mental eye,
 Survey'd the confines of eternity,
 Lo! the bright vision of an heav'nly guest
 Appear'd, and thus the desperate youth address'd:
 " My name is Reason, mankind's faithful friend,
 " And here, uncall'd, to save thee I attend,
 " What moon-struck madness fills thy frantick
 mind,
 " Alike to future bliss and torment blind?
 " Shalt *thou* presume to measure out life's span,
 " And what pertains to God annex to man?

- “ Dar’st thou thy judge’s court unsummon’d,
tread,
“ Sin, and self-murder seated on thy head?
“ Rash wretch, desist, nor dare thy certain doom,
“ Death after death: death even beyond the tomb.
“ Let Reason’s light within thy bosom glow;
“ Fly, fly from danger, death, and future woe.
“ My aid shall guide thee to regain thy bower,
“ And prove to all thy pains a pleasing cure.
“ Religion’s dew shall wash thy sins away,
“ And joys extatic in thy bosom play.”

Alonzo heard, and felt fair Reason’s pow’r,
And by her aid regain’d the distant bower;
There liv’d, and still hugg’d Reason to his breast
Till nature, weary’d, stole in peace to rest.



The Young Monkey and his Mother.

A Fable.

WHEN Monkeys here in *Britain* bred,
(A fable, friend—ne’er shake your head)

It

It chanc'd one day young Pug espy'd,
 A finish'd fop in powder'd pride.
 Strutting by smiling Chloe's side.
 He star'd, what Monkey could forbear?—
 To view the Coxcomb's courtly air,
 His mincing step, his meagre face,
 And ev'ry other Monkey-grace.
 His grin his chatter pleas'd Pug well,
 But most of all his monst'rous TAIL.
 And then his oaths—" 'fore gad! and zounds!"
 Pug was transported with the sounds.
 The four-legg'd Jack-a-napes retir'd,
 With secret admiration fir'd:
 Related to his Dam the story,
 Just as you have it here before ye,
 Concluding with a far-fetch'd "O——h!"
 "Was I but like this British Beau!"
 His mother grinn'd from *lug to lug
 To hear the wishes of her Pug,
 She stroak'd his head and cry'd 'My Boy!
 'My only hope, my only joy,
 'Know that when years have made thee fit
 'To shew thy full grown Monkey-wit,
 'Even

* A Cumberland word for Ear.

' Even as this Beau thou shalt be seen,
 ' Alike in manners, as in mein.
 ' His gestures, grin, his ev'ry air,
 ' Thou shalt in full perfection share.
 ' In thee great Nature shall display
 ' Its prompting power, its genuine ray;
 ' Whereas this *thing* of human race,
 ' From Monkeys borrows all its grace!'



The Weather-Cock. A Simile.

"THE Weather-cock ! what can this be?"
 Patience ! and read the Simile.

A Weather-cock, we all well know,
 Varies as varying breezes blow,
 Traversing quick the compass round,
 Scarce for one moment steady found.

Thus Women's minds wave to and fro,
 Just as fantastick fancies flow :
 This moment *Pleasure* breathes a gale,
 And plays and puppet-shews prevail.

The

The next, Religious Zephyrs rise,
 And waft to Heaven their wand'ring eyes;
 But ah! their hearts are fix'd below,
 Concenter'd in some fluttering beau.
 Dress, next, puffs round their feather'd heads;
 They sigh for Sattins, and Brocades.
 Gaming then turns the tables round,
 And frowns and fainting fits abound!
 Love can (if ought) their passions fix——
 Love (mark me!) for a *coach and six*.



The Drunkard's Resolution.

I.

HENCE, baneful bowl! death to my joys,
 The source whence springs sharp mental pain,
 The weed that Virtue's growth destroys,
 And dulls the efforts of the brain.

II.

Oft, lur'd by thy deceiving power,
 I've, thoughtless, flown my cares to ease,
 But

But find, alas ! that for the cure,
I add fresh force to the disease.

II.

In pity to a Sinner's case,
When next the bowl intrudes its charms,
Aid Heaven ! my efforts with thy grace,
To fly its hateful, haggard arms,



A COMPARISON.

I.

BEHOLD yon mower ! how with measur'd
stride,

And scythe quick sweeping o'er the level plain,
He prostrate lays the meadow's flowery pride,
And robs fair Flora of her ripen'd train.

II.

Yet not in vain : the sun's hot, withering power,
And ruddy damsels with the well ply'd rake,
Prepare the herbage, that in future hour,
The lowing Nations may its sweets partake,

III.

III.

Thus with that momentary flower, call'd Man;
A while he blooms, and rears his haughty head,
Till death's keen scythe cuts short his measur'd span,
And lays him breathless in his clay-cold bed;

IV.

Nor there to rest, but till the solemn sound
Of the last trump proclaims death's captives free;
Then shall he rise, with new-born glory crown'd,
To share Heaven's bliss and Immortality.



A P A S T O R A L.

S I M O N and J A M Y.

S I M O N.

WHAT trouble, Jamy, fills thy wakeful head,
That thus untimely thou hast left thy bed?
Yon eastern sky scarce speaks the dawn of day,
And lo! the birds yet nod upon the spray.

J A M Y.

J A M Y.

Sim, the same question I of thee demand ;
Not sleeping *thou*, if here *I* wakeful stand.

S I M O N.

True, Jamy, true : too true is what you speak ;
I sleep none now — nor have not slept this week.
My *Nan*'s the cruelest Lass that e'er was born,
When I speak love, her looks speak nought but scorn.
'Twas this day week the meadow's pride we rak'd,
And since *that* day these weary'd eyes have wak'd.
The sun gleam'd fultry, and with one consent,
We all to rest beneath a Hay-cock went.
Whilst ev'ry swain his fair one's converse shar'd,
I, and my Nan stood awkwardly unpair'd,
With looks of love, " My lambkin Nan," I cry'd
" Bless thy fond Sim, and sit down by my side."
Thy side ! (quo'she)—laugh'd loud, and ran away—
I would as soon sit down beside our *Tray*.
Alake ! it did my very entrails move,
To hear a dog preferr'd before my love.
The Lasses simper'd, and the Lads look'd fly ;
I hung my head and heav'd an inward sigh.

'Twas

'Twas yesterday——with grief I tell the tale——
 We ply'd our rakes down in yon verdant vale.
 I pitch'd the hay——full briskly beat my heart,
 'Twas pleasing toil, for Nan stood on the cart.
 A neater load ne'er wheel'd on meadow ground;
 None loads like Nan--none--search the parish round,
 When all was finish'd, and the ropes were ty'd,
 I spread my arms, and, "Come sweet Nan," I cry'd
 "Come to thy Sim; I'll softly take the down"——
 Stand off, you Oaf! she answer'd with a frown;
 Then with a spring jump'd down among the hay——
 I scratch'd my ears——what could I do, or say?
 Hard, hard, O Jamy, hard's my case at best,
 When with her, slighted; from her, ne'er at rest.
 How loose my cloaths, that wont to fit so tight!
 This love, this love will be my death outright.

J A M Y.

Shame, Simon, shame! oh, what unmanly work!
 Whine thus, she'll thus still treat thee like a *Turk*.
 Hear! whilst my mode of courtship I disclose;
 If thou lov'st Nan, as well I love my *Rose*.
 We loaded hay too in the mead below,
 Where yon long range of lofty poplars grow.

Rose

Rose wrought, and smil'd---I think she cannot frown;
 A lovelier rose ne'er grac'd the month of June.
 I comb'd the cart all round, on ev'ry side,
 And then, "My beauteous, blooming *Rose*," I
 cry'd,

"Descend; thy per'lous station gives me pain;

"Those arms shall meet thee ere the ground thou
 gain."

'No, *Jamy*, no; I'll come myself as well.'

She came; but right into my arms she fell.

I clasp'd her close, and with her lips made free,

Her lips more sweet than honey from the bee.

She try'd to frown, but oh, her aukward grace!

A frown more sweet ne'er sat on woman's face.

She rais'd her rake, and cry'd, take that you brock!

Softly she struck; I hardly felt the stroke.

But strike she must; what pass'd the lasses saw;

And strike she did—but 'twas a love-like blow.

At night I met her in yon shade so snug,

And kiss'd her unprov'd from lug to lug.*

S I M O N.

Jamy, thou art deep-read in womankind,

Canst spell the half-wrote meaning of their mind;

Oh!

* Cumberland word for *Ear*.

Oh! would'st thou council how to make Nan mine,
At *Carlisle* fair I'll treat with blood-red wine.

J A M Y.

Frank, and in few my council I'll convey,
Follow't, and here's my hand thou'lt gain the day.
Women are puzzling riddles to explain;
Their tongues oft utter what their hearts disdain.
Coy in affairs of love, and full of wiles;
Oft-times they frown, but to conceal their smiles.
When next Nan pouts and flouts, and frowns & stares,
Tell her thou canst not comprehend such airs:
And since thy love she pays with proud disdain,
Thou'lt strait to buxom Poll step cross the plain,
She'll then prove kind, and own a mutual flame,
Else ne'er more *Jamy* be my Christian name!

S I M O N.

Thanks—thanks; I find I've been a fool too long;
But, by this * neef! I'll sing a diff'rent song.
—And see! where with her pail, and apron clean,
To milk the cows Nan trips across the green.
I'll follow, and my notes with *Nan's* compare;
Lovers must try all schemes to gain the fair.

The

* Cumberland word for "hand."



The Preceding PASTORAL,

Attempted in the *Cumberland Dialect*.

S I M O N.

WHAT ailsta, Jammy, thou's fae foon a-fit?
Day wull'nt peep thur twea lang hoaf
hours yet.

Is'e pincht to ken my thoom afore my eyne,
And not ae lavrock yet has left the green.

J A M M Y,

The self same question, Sim, I to thee make;
For, to my thinking, Simon's wide awake.

S I M O N.

True, Jammy, true; owr true is what thou says,
I've not yence winkt thur feeven lang neets and
days.

My Nan's the crulest las that eer was bworn;
To o' my fighs she answers nought but scworn,
'Twas this day week we rhaakt the meadow's
preyde,

And sen that day thur eyne have wokent weyde.

The

The sun theynt het : we o wi' ae consent,
 To flee its fworce to the deyke gutter went.
 Each lad tuik her he lik'd upon his knee
 Ninne stood unmarrow'd fave my Nan and me.
 I set my tongue to luive, and said " sweet Nan !
 " When o the laave are down, why sud we stan ?
 " Come to thy Sim—thy Simkin's only preyde !
 " If nought thou grant me, aeways grace my seyde."
 ' Wa whoo-te-whooh !' she cry'd, and scowpt away,
 ' I wad as soon come to our cur-dog *Tray*.'
 My varra bluid ran cald within my breest,
 Thus to be lickent to a dum brute beaft.
 The lads gaapt wide : the lasses gloppt about :
 I figh'd, and luikt full sheepishly nae doubt.
 'Twas but yestreen—a waefu' day god kens !
 We loaded hay down in the wide *Lang-tens.
 The wark was pleasant, and shwort seemt the day,
 For Nan was loader and I forkt the hay——
 And could have forkt a month without a mheal ;
 Luiking at Nan my pith would never fail.
 A cannier loaded carr thou never saw :
 Ninne loads like Nan---ninne---ninne amang them o'.
 When

* The Name of a spacious Piat of Meadow Ground

When o' was duine, I cruep to the car seyde
 And gleymin up, wi beath my arms spread weyde,
 "Come luive (quo I) I'll waanly take thee down"---
 Stand off, thou gowk! she answered with a frown,
 Then with a spang luopty down amang the hay;
 I clowt my lugs: what could I dee, or say?
 Waes me!--oh Jammy, hard's peer Seymon's keafe!
 Wad that I ne'er had seen her wutchin feace!
 I'fe o' foan frae my coat, fix inch or maar;
 This weafu' luive pulls down a body fare.

J A M M Y.

O simple Seymon! that's thy proper name---
 Pluck up thy heart, and be a man for shame.
 Leave thur waes-me's, fighs, fobs, and seck like stuff,
 For women mind not whinging-wark a snuff.
 I'll tell the how I sarv'd my lassie, man;
 And I luive Rhwose, as weel as thou loves Nan.
 We loaded hay tee in yon three-nuickt clwose;
 Myfel was forker, and the loader Rhwose.
 She smurkt fae sweetly, luikt wi seck a grace,
 I got lyle wrought for glymin at her face:
 Wi mickle-a-de the ropes at last were ty'd
 When, "Flower of flowers, my red-cheekt Rwose,
 (I cry'd)

"Skurrie,

“ Skurrlle, skurrlle thee down---I’ll kep thee---come
thy ways——

“ I’ll luik behint me——never mind thy claes.”

Nay, Jammy, nay she cry’d, I’ll come mysell——

She came——but streit into my arms she fell.

I coddelt her clwofe, and gave her many a smack,

For full five minutes not a word she spak.

When she gät loose, she luikt like ane reed-mad ;

Up went her rake wi, “ Tak thee that my Lad!”

Twice maar she rais’d it, “ Aye, and that, and that,”

Waanely it fell : I hardlins felt each bat ;

For o’ her frowning, I could plainly see,

A luively smile fit lurkin in her ee.

At neet I met her by her own sweet fell,

And then——but lovers munnet o’ things tell.

S E Y M O N.

Oh, Jammy, thou’s deep vers’d in woman kind;

Kens o’ their feekment, feikment ways I find.

Wad thou but ’vise me how to mak Nan mine,

At Roslay-fair I’ll treat wi bluid-reed wine.

J A M M Y.

I’ll freely do’t——and hope ’twill mend thy state;

I’fe griev’d to hear thee whingin at this rate.

D

When

When neest Nan frumps and frowns, and flisks and
kicks ;

Tell her thou sees through o'her shallow tricks ;
And sen she leads thee feck a wild-goose cheace,
Thou'lt ower the burn off hand to blinkin Befs :
And seem to gang — thou'lt hear her in a crack
Cry “ Mayflin gowk ! I nobbit juokt-- come back ! ”

S E Y M O N.

Thanks, Jammy, thanks ; I find thy council's reet ;
When Nan I've strwockt, she's pulst me like a peet.
I'll now grow wise ; I've been a fool ower lang ;
I'll change my nwote, and sing a diff'rent sang.
—— Whish ! yon's their *Tray*——Nan's ganging
to the kye,
I'll follow, and my new-fanglt courtship try.



MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

An Eclogue.

T'WAS that fair season, when the faithful soil
With increase plenteous pays the tiller's toil:
When ev'ry furrow rich with ripen'd grain,
In golden lustre waves along the plain :

When

When many a healthy, hale, and youthful lowt,
With nut-brown neef, and shoulders broad and
stout :

When many a lass, adorn'd with many a grace,
With comely carriage, and engaging face,
With shining sickles, rang'd in rows appear,
To cut the golden glories of the year.

'Twas then, one ev'ning, when the god of day,
To worlds more west had roll'd his flaming way,
Fair *Marian*, stretch'd upon the verdant lawn,
In sighs to listening silence made her moan.

“ Unhappy me ! unhappiest of the train,
“ Of all the maids that tread fair Cumbria's plain !

“ This day has prov'd that all my fears are true,
“ That faithless *Roger* loves the flippant *Sue*.

“ Well did I mark---the shearing by his side---
“ With looks of languishment the minx he ey'd.

“ Oft, oft he cross'd the furrow to her aid,
“ Nor did his courtesy remain unpaid :

“ Her eyes spoke thanks, and smiles o'erspread }
her face }

“ (A lover's eyes can love's mute language trace) }

“ And mine, alas ! beheld their own disgrace. }

- “ My heart indignant bounc’d within my breast ;
“ Had it not cause ? thus slighted and oppress !
“ What ’vails my skill, since Roger proves unkind,
“ The hook to handle, or the sheaves to bind ?
“ The rural dance to lead with pleasing grace,
“ T’ excel in virtue or in form of face ?
“ To tune my voice to soft, melodious lays,
“ ’Till female envy can’t refrain its praise ?
“ What can skill, beauty, virtue, grace avail,
“ Since Roger’s tongue has ceas’d its tender tale ?
“ Mine eye, thou said’st, surpass’d the solar ray,
“ My cheek the rose, my lip the smell of May ;
“ Yet, Roger, yet to weep thou leav’st mine eye,
“ My cheek to fade, and ev’ry charm to fly.
“ Must I, ingrate ! thy memory awake,
“ To all the toils I suffer’d for thy sake ?
“ Oft have I, hideling, brought thee of the best,
“ (For which, like Judas, oft these lips thou prest)
“ Oft, when in sickness, waited by thy bed,
“ And, with soft napkins, bound thy aching head :
“ With studious care still strove thy love to gain,
“ In health to please, when sick to ease thy pain.
“ Is this for all my pains the payment due ?
“ Virgins ! ne’er trust a man’s deceitful vow !
“ Unhappy

“ Unhappy me! unhappiest of the train,
 “ Of all the maids that tread fair Cumbria’s plain !
 “ Here will I rest, nor ever more will rise,
 “ Till death, in pity, close poor Marian’s eyes,
 “ How should my weakness bear such weight of woe?
 “ Roger is lost, and life’s not worth a straw,”

She ceas’d, and to her plaintive grief gave pause ;
 ’Twas bitter dark, and blustering blasts arose.
 The clouds pour’d down their liquid stores amain,
 And rigorous tempest rag’d along the plain,
 This put poor Marian in a piteous plight ;
 “ Dreadful ! my death shall be deferr’d to night.”
 With hasty strides she sought the silent cot,
 And death, and Roger were in sleep forgot.



A Description of Roslay-hill Fair.

AT length the gay, long-look’d for morn
 appears ;
 Ye slighted virgins ! wipe away your tears ;
 Quit your soft pillows, and adorn your charms,
 This day shall bring fresh lovers to your arms.

Ye

Ye Cumbrian youths, grace Roslay's holliday ;
What youth can lag, when beauty leads the way ?

Ere yet we join, let's view the festive train,
In crouds promiscuous trooping o'er the plain.
Here on this whin-crown'd hill we'll take our stand,
And mark mad folly as it comes to hand :
Beneath this prickly grove embrace the ground,
Unseen, see all, and catch each passing sound.
Link'd arm in arm a couple onward move ;
Each smile, each motion, and each look speaks love,
“ Believe me, Ralph !—believe me well thou may—
“ Ralph absent, I'd ne'er dreamt of Roslay-day.
“ I should this day—ill from the task I'm spar'd—
“ The toils domestic with my mother shar'd ;
Susan, she cry'd, what would'st at Roslay-fair ?
No errand hast thou, that I wot of, there.
“ She little knew——nor was it fit she should——
“ But Susan thought her errand wond'rous good.
“ I feign'd I came a skimming-dish to buy,
“ But Ralph, no skimming-dish was in my eye.”
“ Thy speech is sweeter than the Linnet's lay,
“ When in soft notes he hails the new born May.

‘ Speak

' Speak thus, and I'll ne'er with thy tongue to rest,
 ' Thus ever clasp thee to my faithful breast.
 ' Charm'd with Sue's truth, I hear to Susan swear,
 ' Henceforth *Moll Muggins* not one thought shall share.
 ' Thee I'll espouse ere Midsummer, I vow.
 ' Kings then less blest than Ralph, when blest'd with
 Sue!

On, souls congenial! and may this day prove,
 The happy prelude to a life of love!

What troop comes yonder sweeping o'er the plain
 Hounds, spaniels, pointers frisking in their train?
 Their shouts vociferous ring along the vale,
 Rise with the breeze, and ride on the full gale.
 " Bounce! the best dog in Cumberland: none truer;
 " He sprung twelve brace last week upon the moor.
 " A stauncher dog ne'er snuff'd the scented ground,
 " Beat the brown heath, or rang'd the stubble
 round."

Oh, *Sportsmen* these! Youths full of fire and flame;
 Pursue fair virtue: that's the noblest game.
 But what are these that give their steeds the rein,
 And seem to fly along the scarce-mark'd plain?

Their

Their jocky caps, and boots proclaim aloud,
“ Sons of the turf, New-Market’s racing brood.”
Beware, bold Nimrods! curb your giddy course;
Stirrups may break, and saddle-girths slip loose.
Your nimble footed steeds push less apace,
Lest dislocated shoulders close the race.

Lo! the fair daughters of the Paphian queen,
In beauteous order amble o’er the green
In milk white dress; All pure within, no doubt;
(We judge of what’s within, from what’s without)
Streaming in ribbons blue, and ribbons red;
Gay, shining plumes nod graceful on each head.
Their prancing Nags curve in conscious state,
Proud to be loaded with lov’d Beauty’s weight.
Amidst the rest, devoid of tawdry glare,
Rides ***** most supremely fair.
Their Squires attend apparrell’d in brave suits,
In well dress’d hair, and well bespatter’d boots.
A youth of fame, *Tim Froth*, the party led,
With gold-lace-honour glaring round his head.

What motley groupe approaches? what are these,
Whose tatter’d remnants waver in the breeze?

Such

Such rueful, ragged rogues we seldom see;
Their suits ill-suit this day's festivity.

One o'er the rest seems sov'reign sway to bear;
He speaks: attention hangs on ev'ry ear.

" My children, rest ye 'neath this whinny brake,

" And here your breakfasts, and my council take.

" You, *pitch-pipe Peg*, exert your pithiest strain;

" Make *Nancy Dawson* ring through all the plain;

" Each sense take captive with your fyren song,

" And turn to statues all the gaping throng.

" Then, *Peter Placket*, comes thy harvest on,

" To reap the fruits, which Peg's soft strains have
sown.

" With silent fingers dive into the fob,

" And splendid *full-weights* shall reward the job.

" You, *filching Fan*, fam'd for your active hand,

" Squeeze in where crowded females thickest stand;

" Grope to the pocket where the treasure lies,

" And your sharp scizars shall insure the prize.

" You, *Godfrey Glimmer*, fill the swelling wind

" With doleful cries of, *pray, remember the blind!*

" You, *Stephen Stump*, your auditors essay,

" With, *blest your honour's limbs, a half-p'ny,*
pray!

" Ye

“ Ye rest! my co-mates of the canting train,
“ Fix, as it suits you, on the crowded plain.
“ Declaim in doleful, pity-moving strains,
“ And pence in hand-fulls shall reward your pains.
“ Think on the joys which this day’s care shall yield,
“ And reap with judgment in yon fertile field.
“ Haste to your several posts—disperse—adieu!
“ Let *Jammy Wullson’s* be your rendezvous.”

Ere yet we jog to join the festive fray,
This checquer’d scene invites the eye’s survey.
Gay, flowery fields in level order lie;
Corn fields, luxuriant, feast the greedy eye.
The fattening herds in silence graze the vale;
The white-fleec’d nations’ bleedings fill the gale,
Here wood-lands rise: there waters gently run,
And *Carlisle’s* turrets glitter in the sun.
Northward bend down your eye tow’ards Neptune’s
flood,
There stands the place where lately *Weddam* stood.
Alas! no traces of it now remain,
Its lofty fons lie level on the plain.
Youths yet unborn shall mourn thy fall in tears,
(For fame shall speak thee to their envying ears)

There

“ There stood, they’ll cry, fam’d Weddam wood
of yore ;
“ But now alas ! the wond’rous wood’s no more ;
“ Elfe might we, joyful, in some future day,
“ Have made thy *jet* inhabitants our prey.”
Stretch now your eye acrofs the wat’ry green.
And cloud-kifs’d Criffel fhnts the fpacious fcene.

Arriv’d ; the plain with crouded numbers fhews ;
With *Border* Jockies, and with well-drefs’d Beaux.
Here Beauty’s daughters will your hearts affail,
Except well guarded by difcretion’s mail.
What heart but muft their charms refiftlefs feel,
Flounc’d. and be-furbelow’d from head to heel ?

Westward the plain the lowing nations keep,
Wedg’d in thick phalanx, and battalia deep.
Fly, men of *doubt* ! far from this prospect fly !
Horns—horns are worm-wood to the jealous eye.

Here the white labours of the loom proclaim,
The weaver’s skill, and thrifty houfe-wife’s fame.
There heaps of ginger-bread their charms display,
And fhine tefulent in the face of day.

Behold

Behold that School-boy's keen, devouring look!
Ah! would he thus contemplate on his book,
In future day we might survey the spark,
Strut an Attorney's, or a Parish-clerk,

Gauze, ribbons, lace in gay profusion lie,
Hats, caps, and cloaks to catch the female eye.
Brooms, baskets, bee-hives, and bright *Borflam-ware*
Shall not remain unfung in *Roslay-fair*.

Now east-ward to the Horse-fair let's advance,
Where steel-arm'd heels make *Switch*, and *Bob-tail*
prance.

Whips cut the air, and pattering hoofs the ground
And nags kick, canter, neigh, curveft and bound.
Last, let's examine what the coverts yield,
Beat up the canvas-quarters of the field.
Here music's sound its pleasing pow'r imparts,
Strikes on the ear, and steals into our hearts.
Ros'd health, and aukward honesty advance,
In uncouth bounds to lead the rustic dance.
Dame Nature's steps are here most deftly shewn,
And the green's bruis'd with jumping *Bobbing Joan*.

Thus having view'd the fair from side to side,
Best take bright day-light for my homeward guide.
why

Why should I saunter till the setting sun.
 To see crowns crack'd, and bleeding noses run?
 Potations powerful then enflame the brain,
 And oaths, and uproar fill the reeling plain.
 —Not but a glass I've ta'en—the truth's confess—
Jack Todd still keeps a bottle of the best.

Adieu, then, to fam'd Roslay's festive day!
 Slow down the *Many-banks* I'll bend my way:
 With musing pace seek *Standing-stonia's* glade,
 And stretch me, weary'd, in its verdant shade.



E P I G R A M,

On the Report that Mr. *Garrick* had
 quitted all Connection with the Stage.

“INDEED! (cry'd hot Richard, and redden'd
 with rage)

“Has then renown'd Roscius quite quitted the
 stage?

“By gad, then the Public is prettily fobb'd:

“By Garrick is cheated, is cozen'd, and robb'd.”

By

By Garrick! (says Tom, with a gape and a stare)

" Yes---by Garrick I say---by Garrick, I swear,

" The stage has of pleasure long been the sweet
source ;

" Bereave me of pleasure, as well take my purse.

" Then Garrick has robb'd us--'tis clear as the day---

" For the stage is *no* stage, when great Garrick's
away.



PUDDING good to settle LOVE.

A Christmas Tale.

THERE liv'd a 'Squire—no matter where—

All's one for that, or here or there ;

Or in the high-land, or the vale,

Is foreign to our *Christmas-tale*.

This 'Squire of all thing's had great plenty :

Of servants he, at least, had twenty.

There's Moll the cook, Sue, Dick the groom

For more I cannot here spare room ;

They are no actors in this play,

So we'll omit their names to-day.

Dick

Dick was right apt to learn his letters,
Study'd the manners of his betters.
The 'Squire was prone to w---e, and game,
Dick copy'd close, and did the same.
Moll dearly lov'd to hear Dick prattle ;
Sue not dislik'd his coaxing tattle.
Dick vow'd he lov'd Moll beyond measure ;
Susan he call'd his heav'nly treasure.

'Twas night, and all retir'd to rest ;
But who the last—that Dick knew best.
In his retreat this stupid groom
Mistook his road, and hit Sue's room.
How Susan slept—that Sue can best tell---
But Moll snor'd loud, and seem'd to rest well.
(Cook-maids, you know, first always must up,
To light the fire : the house to dust up)
Moll woke, stretch'd, yawn'd, and blew her nose :
Rubb'd her blear eyes, took snuff, and rose.
She grop'd her way, and down stairs got
---Alas ! her candle is forgot.
Up stairs again, of course, she packs,
“ Light I must have, for light I lacks.”

As

As honest Dick had done before,
She blunder'd, and op'd Susan's door.
What first she saw---(the moon shin'd bright)
Was Dick's blue breeches lin'd with white.
"Alake! this sight---awelladay!
"Them here, Dick's self's not far away."
She pick'd them up---the lovers slept---
And slowly out again she crept.
Her face with anger burnt so bright,
She now tripp'd down stairs by it's light.
She with reproaches mix'd her work;
She light the fire; "hard hearted Turk!"
She wash'd the hearth, the house she swept;
"Too sure---too sure with Sue he slept!"
She scow'd the lid, she wash'd the pot;
"Are all thy oaths to Moll forgot?"
She rubb'd the chairs, the cup-boards too;
"Can't thou to Moll prefer black Sue?"
She clean'd the tongs, fire-shovel, poker;
"Is't come to this, thou vile provoker?"
She'll be reveng'd: with rage she's burning;
To sweet revenge Moll's mind is turning.
Now, whilst Moll her revenge is brewing,
Let's peep to see what Dick is doing.

Dick

Dick 'woke and swore, as legends say,
 By the seven flars 'twas almost day,
 And with a quid chas'd sleep away.
 He left the side of his sweet Sue,
 To seek his cloaths; what must he do?
 He must not stay till the sun rises,
 To be discover'd by surprizes.
 He grop'd the floor all round, and round,
 "Breeches!"---no breeches to be found.
 He scratch'd his head, and hung it down,
 "I'd not have lost them for a crown!"
 "Adzookers, Sue, where can they be?"
 "Alas! thou know'st they're not on me."
 Again he grop'd all round the floor;
 "Old N--k has got the breeches sure!"
 At last both Dick and Sue conclude,
 That rats had with them made too rude.
 "These plaguy rats---the D---I rot them!"
 "As sure as death have surely got them:"
 "Into their holes trail'd clean and clever;
 "My breeches more I shall see never!"
 Concluded thus, Dick, in a funk,
 To his own proper chamber flunk.

The sun, from th' east tip-toe issuing,
 Look'd round to see what th' world was doing :
 Darting keen rays from its clear eyes,
 Bade sleep awake, and mortals rise.

Now if you'll grant one grain of patience,
 I'll shew how each went to their stations.
 Dick scrubb'd his horses in the stables ;
 Moll scour'd the pewter : Sue the tables.
 The rest concerns us not, we've said,
 So with them we'll not fash* our head.

'Twas Christmas-time when this fell out
 As 'tmight be now——or now about.
 This day the Squire, men, maids and all,
 A feasting go, both great and small ;
 No christian creature stay'd at home,
 Save Moll the cook and Dick the groom.
 In studying how to be reveng'd
 Moll had almost her brain unhing'd.
 “ Should I the down-thump story tell,
 “ He'll stamp, stare, rage : cry death and hell !
 “ Can't

* Cumberland word for Trouble.

" Can't I some gentler method find,
 " To shew the breeches, ease my mind?
 " I hav't——
 " I'll introduce them as a joke"——
 She stuff'd them in the pudding-poke,
 And popp'd them in the porridge pot;
 " There——let them boil, or burn, or rot."
 The dinner now was on the table;
 Moll call'd Dick in from out the stable,
 Dick still stood stiffly to his tack;
 From a beef-fight ne'er turn'd his back;
 Mutton was sweet, fat beef was good,
 But pudding was his darling food.
 The beef smoak'd on the table clean,
 Dick enter'd with a placid grin;
 Moll heap'd his plate, and heap'd again,
 Till Dick's chops fairly cry'd, " Amen!"
 He wip'd the grease from off his cheeks——
 (For it o'erflow'd at both his wicks)
 Then rose;——" Stop Dick, I had forgot,
 " There's yet a pudding in the pot."
 " A pudding!——zooks, now by this neif,
 " Had I known that, I'd eat less beef."

He grop'd his jacket, found it tight;
No odds, 'twas pudding: he would try't.
Moll brought it: "there——work for thy guts;
" Unloos't; thou'lt find it no deaf nuts."
" Adzookers!——he's a jolly rogue;
" Pudding's your right, true *English* progue!
" Hast thou put plumbs, or something good in?"
" In eating lies the proof of pudding.
" Unloos't——dear Dick, why dost thou linger?"
" Love 'tis so hot—(whew!) 'thas burnt my finger."
Dick cut the string, and op'd the clout,
And shook the lusty pudding out.
" Oddflordikins!——why, by the mass,
" I think it be my breeches, las!
" And what I took for precious plumbs,
" Be buttons black tack'd on with thrums."
" Ah Dick" cry'd Moll, and shook her head,
" Hush——hush! (cry'd Dick) enough is said;
" From hence to death I'll constant be:
" Stick to thee, Moll, and only thee.
" Of this rest satisfy'd and sure,
" I'll ne'er more pass my Molly's door.
" Oft have I heard, but now can prove,
" That *pudding's good at settling love.*"



A Receipt to make a MACARONI.

TO make a Macaroni, or smart modern
 beau,
 From the crown of his head to the tip of his toe,
 Attend but five minutes, I'll presently shew.
 His head——his sweet head! be't my primary care,
 To give it the *ton*——the true Frenchify'd air;
 Puff, powder, and frizzle, and then fix upon it,
 What he calls a *bat*, but what I call a bonnet.
 Let it cock on the crown, not approach to the ear,
 That Midas's honours may plainly appear.
 From the tail of a horse, or the tail of a cow,
 'Take hair, fourteen pounds—a dozen won't do—
 Club, tack'd to his head; let it rest on his back,
 In bulk not much less than a Scotch-pedlar's pack.
 Round his neck twist a cravat---put lace on't enough
 Puff'd, and frill'd in the form of a *Queen Bess's* ruff.
 In his breast stick a nose-gay---I beg you'd be sure,
 That its size may be that of a large Colliflower.
 His coat---psha! I'm wrong---'tis his jacket I mean,
 Must reach that below it his b--m may be seen.

Waistcoat,

Waistcoat, a-la-tambour, snips, snappers, and jags,
 Must dance to the musick of tassels and tags.
 Make his breeches to hang mighty loose on his ham,
 Like *Trowser van Hougher's* from fair *Rotterdam*.
 Silk stockings, with clocks interwoven with gold;
 Shoes red-heel'd, and buckles of *Lilliput's* mold.
 With scent and perfume, and the d---l knows what
 Let him stink full as rank as a Muscovy-cat.
 Chicken-gloves for his hands, and to make him
 compleat,
 A stick like a May-pole to thump through the street.

The ornaments outward I've shewn; now I'll shew
 The inward *Contents* of this *gold-letter'd* beau.
 ---Alas, a mistake!---fore I've search'd, but in vain,
 To find worth in his heart, or wit in his brain.



Ode for the Birth-day of his Royal Highness, *George*, Prince of Wales.

THIS day let cloudless suns illumine the skies;
 In ev'ry breast let heart-felt joys arise.

Bless'd,

Bless'd bounteous day! which gave the bloom-
ing boy,

GEORGE, lov'd of heav'n, of ev'ry heart the joy.

Strike, strike the lyre with jocund glee,

Let nought be heard but harmony ;

Let Albion's fons exulting sing,

And hail their rightful, rising king.

Hence Discord, raven-wing'd, away!

Nor dare to shade this glorious day,

Bless'd Peace, approach! and in thy train

Health, grace, and wisdom bring to work his fu-
ture reign!

Thy tuneful aid Apollo bring,

Whilst we attune the trembling string ;

The notes with musick's Soul inspire,

Sweetly stealing higher, higher!

Till rapt'rous airs, full-chorus'd, load the gale,

And hills and shores repeat the pleasing tale.

Waft them, ye winds! wide o'er the seas convey

Th' approach of George's natal, this auspicious
day.

Safety's Genius! spread thy wing,

And shield from harm our future king.

Even.

Even-handed Justice, white-rob'd Truth,
 Mark for your own the royal youth.
 Courage, lend thy generous flame,
 With deeds of glory grace his name,
 But chief, Religion, heav'n-born guest!
 Glow with bright ardor in his breast;
 Then when heav'n calls his sacred Sire away,
 (But far, far distant be remov'd that day!)
 This God-like youth in regal state shall move,
 And reign sole Sov'reign of his People's love.



The Thresher's Lamentation over his broken Flail.

ALAS, my faithful Flail is broke!
 Ill-fated hour! unlucky stroke!
 No help: misfortunes visit all,
 The mighty great, the humble small.
 Of thee I'll say, thrice-trusty flail,
 Thou on thy friend ne'er yet turn'd tail.—
 Say, ye that traffick with mankind,
 Did you e'er friends thus faithful find?

When

When the beclouded, troubled sky,
Wept torrents from its watery eye;
When dripping poultry chuckling fled,
In barn or bier to hide their head,
Then thou, old friend, hast beck'd me in,
Left soaking showers should wet my skin.
When cold North-winds full bleakly blow,
When frosts nip keen, when deep the snow;
When *Jane* with fewel feeds the fire,
Pil'd to the crook—or somewhat higher;
When round the hearth all croud about,
Each door clos'd in to keep cold out;
Dancing a jig with thee, old friend!
Nor fires I heed, frost, snow, or wind.
A dozen shakes of thy smooth neef,
Banish cold from me like a thief:
Paint on my cheeks a healthful glow;
Can monarchs such a boon bestow?
Thy loss I sore lament I vow—
But I must fix another to;
One like thee never; thou had'st no rival—
Thou'lt yet light fires, or make a * Thival.

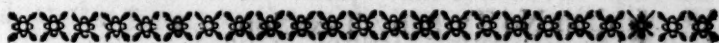
F L A I L.

* A wooden instrument, wherewith hasty-pudding is cooked.

F L A I L.

Is this the gratitude of man!
Who can sit silent?...what Flail can?
Thou said'st, even now, I've stood thy friend,
Sav'd thee from frost, snow, rain and wind,
Canst then desire, in conscience' name,
To burn thy shins at my bright flame?
To cause me help to cook thy food?
To scald me in hot hasty-pud?
Whate'er men think, I think it hard,
That flames and death should truth reward.
Did I, e'er yet, or grudge or glump,
When bruis'd full sore with many a thump,
With many a heavy-laid-on thwack,
Against my sides, and on my back?
I ne'er was stiff, or stubborn found;
Point but thy hand, I strait ran round.
Wilt thou for this, allot thy slave
A blazing bed, or boiling grave?
Can men, in clear conviction's spite,
A good turn with an ill requite?
Is it for this men pore and read,
To turn their backs on friends in need?

If so, at fate I'll never rail,
 That form'd me but an humble flail,
 Revoke my doom ; oh ! let me be
 Interr'd in flail-like decency ;
 And when thy flour thou hast drest,
 Lay me beneath that old oak-chest.
 'Tis the last boon I e'er shall sue—
 I faint !---I die !---Adieu ! Adieu !



The Old Cock, and the Young ones,

A Fable.

ATTEND ! whilst Chanticleer I sing,
 Who long had crow'd the dung-hill's king ;
 Who pubble shew'd and plump was grown,
 With reaping where he ne'er had sown.
 His strength was mighty, great his fame,
 His chuckle law where'er he came.
 It chanc'd (as only right it should)
 Dame Partlet hatch'd a num'rous brood,
 And when the family was rear'd,
 Two cocks amongst the crowd appear'd.

Partlet's

Partlet's two sons with sorrow view'd
Their tyrant Sire's ingratitude.
He bruis'd their heads with many a bat ;
The young cocks starv'd : the old grew fat.
Vex'd to the heart at such hard usage,
They swore they'd fall to blows and bruilage,
If, when their troubles they had told,
Their father should redress withhold.
'Twas hard (they cry'd) 'twas curs'd vexation,
Worse than No Tyranny Taxation,
Thus to monopolize the whole,
When the kind farmer strew'd for all.
They now their grievances express
In duteous terms, and crave redress :
Beg that their griefs he'd mitigate,
And grant them leave---at least to eat ;
If not—why for themselves they'd carve,
And bravely die, ere basely starve.
“ Rebellious slaves ! (th' old cock replies)
“ I both your pray'rs, and pow'r despise.
“ Reign I not here with sov'reign sway ?
“ Hear this ; crouch, chuckle, and obey ;
“ These spurs else ——view them ! at one blow,
“ Miscreants ! shall lay you, fluk ring low.”

The

The young Cocks' breasts now swell'd with fury,
Thus to be cast sans judge or jury.
Meat they must have, or they must die ;
Therefore the fate of war they'll try.

Full fiercely now all three fell to't ;
It prov'd a stiff, and sturdy bout ;
On both sides blood ran down, no doubt.
The old cock found——what he not thought——
That the young cocks most fiercely fought.

“ A truce! (he cry'd) let bickerings cease ;

“ Let's try to compromise the case.

“ That broad *West*-end the dung-hill there,

“ Shall be your lot ; this *South* my share.

“ There scratch and peck, and live at peace,

“ Henceforth hostilities shall cease.”

The young cocks answer'd, ‘ Peace we grant ;

‘ For peace we pray, for peace we pant,

‘ With leave to feed on what we find,

‘ That natural right of all cock-kind.

‘ We'll now proclaim it far and near,

‘ *Long live our Sov'reign, CHANTICLEER!*

The conflict ceas'd, the cocks all three,
Now live in peace, and amity.

“ The

“The moral, Sir?”—beyond a doubt,
Without my aid, you’ll make it out.



On the DEATH of a LARK,

Which, being pursued by a Hawk, took refuge in
the Author’s breast, and was afterwards preserved
by a young Lady several years in a cage.

AND is *Eliza*’s favourite Lark no more?
Mourn, mourn, *Eliza*! *Dick*’s sad fate deplore!
Nor thou alone: the Muse, in mournful lays,
Shall sing his dirge, and sorrowing, sing his praise.

Soon as night’s dusky curtains were withdrawn
And the grey East proclaim’d the coming dawn,
Dick shook his plumage, tun’d his varied note,
And pour’d melodious mattins from his throat,
Nor ceas’d his song, which nature’s self inspir’d,
Till the bright sun to western worlds retir’d.
Sweet were his warblings: sweet to ev’ry ear;
To thine *Eliza* they were doubly dear.
Oft hast thou cull’d, attentive to his good,
The choicest grain the bounteous year bestow’d:

Wash’d

Wash'd his wire cage with unremitting care,
To make harsh bondage still less harsh to bear;
But ah, in vain! poor Dick has ta'en his flight,
Left the bright day, and sunk in endless night.
Was it for this I stretch'd my hand to save
Thee, panting, gasping, from a living grave,
When the fell Hawk, borne on the wings of prey,
Pursu'd thee, shrieking down th' aerial way?
Must too, Eliza, for her tender care,
A short-liv'd joy, but lasting sorrow share?
This day let solemn silence reign around,
For Dick, this day, lays breathless on the ground.
Ye hollow, howling winds that wildly roar,
Like waves dash'd dreadful on the foaming shore,
Cease your rude clamours, hush'd be ev'ry blast,
For Dick, Eliza's lark, now breathes his last.
Tread soft, ye swains, across the boarded floor,
For Dick, Eliza's much-lov'd lark's no more!



The Mistaken Swain. — A Tale.

PALEMON, rich and youthful swain,
Liv'd in fair Cumbria's fertile plain.

Paternal

Paternal acres own'd him lord ;
His barns were with their product stor'd.
His barley malt, his malt made ale,
Barrell'd and bottled, mild and stale.
Herds fattening in his field appear'd ;
He ate the beef himself had rear'd.
His white fleec'd flocks their aid afford ;
Sweet mutton smok'd upon his board.
His ponds were fill'd with ducks good store ;
Turkeys and hens patroll'd the door.
His garden was plann'd in the ton,
To profit by, not look upon ;
Roots, pulse of all kinds plenteous grew,
And cabbage flourish'd—not a few.
An orchard too, high wall'd about,
Supply'd him with delicious fruit.
The red-streak, ronnant, peach and pear,
Were found in full perfection there.
His house within was in trim plight,
His cup-boards shining, pewter bright.
Of tables, chairs—a numerous train !
All things were there, but all were plain ;
For though with plenty crown'd, yet he
Lov'd in his heart frugality.

His

His days with heartful ease were blest,
 His nights with sound refreshing rest.
 " Happy Palemon! happy, sure,
 " If wealth can happiness procure."
 Friend, you mistake the matter wide——
 Palemon's heart sigh'd——for a bride.
 A bride was wanting, then, you hear
 His joys——cares he had none——to share.
 A while he must the plains forsake :
 A journey to the City take ;
 Pressing concerns of high import,
 Demand his presence at the court.

He lodg'd in *Thames's* trading street,
 Where Car-men curse, and coal-carts meet,
 When hunger crav'd, with humble mind,
 He at some chop-house snugly din'd.
 Each street, each lane he travers'd o'er,
 From *Charing-cross* to *Wapping's* shore.
 He saw lords, ladies, belles, and beaux,
 Bear-baitings, plays, and puppet-shows.
 He saw—well worth the sight, I ween,
 Our gracious king, and virtuous queen :

F

And

And, what is blest'd by ev'ry tongue,
The blooming race that from them sprung.
But what struck most his wond'ring sight,
Was fair *Flippanta*, goddess bright !
He saw, and felt love's rankling dart
With painful pleasure pierce his heart.
Flippanta's head tow'r'd in the mode ;
She in her betters' foot-steps trod :
In dress above her income shone :
Her age eighteen ——— or thereupon.
She was deep in romances read :
Dear dissipation was her trade.
At routs and drums her face was known,
At church but rare ——— if ever shewn.
These gay *Flippanta's* foibles were ;
-----Worse fall to many a female's share.
A somewhat giddy girl, 'tis true,
But virtuous---give the d---l his due.

'Twas now *Palemon's* only care,
To gain admittance to the fair.
He gain'd the wish'd-for interview,
And did what vows, and fighs could do.

His

His soft love-rhapsodies prevail ;
Flippanta listen'd to the tale.

“ Charming ! (she cry'd) I loves, I vows,

“ Groves, grottos, brooks, and rural views.”

Short work they made : a bargain struck ;

“ Of long delays there ne'er comes luck.”

Behold them now as man and wife,

In wedlock's fetters link'd for life.

Impatient to display his bride,
Palemon, post-haste, homeward hied.

What beds, ill-made, the lovers met,
What meals, worse cook'd, the lovers ate,
What jolts they suffer'd to and fro,
With up-hill je ! and down je-ho !
What Inn-keepers' imposing bills,
What hundred other trav'lers ills
They met, 'twere tedious to relate ;
We land them at Palemon's gate,
And give them, weary'd as they were,
This night to sleep's refreshing care.

The sun in all its lustre rose,
And wak'd pleas'd Nature from repose :

Call'd forth each flower, and whistling swain,
And musick from the feather'd train.

" Flippanta fair, my blooming bride,

" Awake, awake ! (Palemon cry'd)

" Let's to the scented fields repair,

" To taste the sweets of morning air.

" Each lawn invites thy welcome tread ;

" Arise, my fair !" Palemon said.

" Lard ! what a pother do you keep ;

" Can't you lay still, and let folks sleep.

" The cocks have crow'd all night, I vow ;

" And must I now be teaz'd by you ?

" My head ! my head ! what shall I do ?

" At *twelve* (perhaps) I may repair,

" To taste the sweets of morning air."

She turn'd her back and clos'd her eyes,

With " Twelve's the hour I always rise."

Palemon left his loving bride,

Though not past half well satisfy'd,

" If thus so soon, (and heav'd a sigh)

" What must I look for by and by ?"

His fears, he found, were no false dreams ;

Each day with new-born trouble teems.

Flippanta

Flippanta now her reign began.
 Inspection was her first day's plan.
 The Mansion-house must first be view'd;
 " Good lard ! how gothic, rough, and rude !
 " How low the roof ! the doors how high !
 " Not one bow-window can I spy !
 " The walls too—built of paltry brick !
 " The very sight on't makes me sick ;
 " Immensely aukward !" so she found,
 It must be re-built from the ground.
 Its inside was run over next ;
 And here she found a copious text.
 Some rooms were narrow, some too long,
 The tables slender, chairs too strong,
 The floors coarse deal—and not too clean ;
 " Gods ! not one carpet to be seen !"
 The kitchen narrow, and all that ;
 " Scarce room in't, poz ! to whip a cat !"
 The beds were---" hum ! why but so, so---
 " For use entirely---not for shew."
 The curtains---" frightful !" camblet blue :
 " Not one Chintz counterpane, I vow."
 She rummag'd high, she rummag'd low ;
 But all was wrong that e'er she saw,

The verdict was : " The case is plain ;

" It must be furnish'd o'er again."

Flippanta's criticizing eye,

Must, next, the garden's faults espy.

" Oh, shocking, shocking, shocking sight !

" This place can never give delight.

" No images, nor Ha-ha walls,

" No terras-walks, nor water-falls :

" No woodbine bowers, nor domes Chinese ;

" A garden !--a wild wilderness !"

In short to write all she found wrong

Would make our tale appear too long.

Palemon's peaceful hours were fled ;

He sigh'd despair, and thus he said :

" Oh ! had I chose —— mistaken swain

" A partner meet from off the plain,

" Each hour had then been peaceful ease ;

" Each most had strove which most should please.

" How could I think a city wife,

" Would suit the scenes of rural life ?"

" Cease, cease, Palemon ! cease to mourn ;

" Things may yet take a happier turn."

Chance cas'd the troubles of his mind,

As by the sequel you shall find.

One day Flippanta would repair,
 To taste the sweets of *evening* air.
 She walk'd too late: a cold she caught;
 The cold a burning fever brought:
 The fever, death: and death - "brought what?"
 Palemon's pristine, happy state.



To the Memory of a young Gentle-
 man, who died in the Service of the
 Hon. the East-India Company.

I.

BLESS'D shade! if still thou hov'rst in the air,
 Nor yet has join'd thy heav'nly-destin'd place,
 Accept the tribute of a grateful tear,
 Sacred to friendship, worth, and manly grace.

II.

Why, Glory! did'st thou in his bosom glow,
 To tempt to Asia's parch'd, and noxious plains?
 'Twas there the * tyrant struck th' untimely blow;
 For this the muse weeps o'er his lov'd remains.

Declare,

* Death.

III.

Declare, Melpomene! in mournful lay,
The various virtues that illum'd his breast!
" No virtue there e'er bore pre-eminent sway;
" Each social virtue shone alike confest.

IV.

" A friend to virtue, and to vice a foe,
" Gay without pride, sincere without a guile,
" His feeling breast dissolv'd at others' woe;
" When virtue wept, he ne'er was seen to smile."

V.

Such was the man, whom heav'n has made
its own,
Such were the virtues which illum'd his breast;
His mortal part's no more: his spirit's flown
To meet those joys which goodness gives the blest.

VI.

Cease, then, the gushing tear, the heaving sigh,
Nor at th' Almighty's just decrees repine;
He falls to rise to immortality:
Leaves earthly woes to share the joys divine.

Epitaph



Epitaph on a Wrestler.

HERE lies the man beneath this stone,
 Who often threw, but ne'er was thrown.
 Before him his antag'nists fell,
 As many a broken bone can tell.
Death cry'd, "I'll try this man of strength ;"
 And laid him here at his full length.



O D E to L O V E.

HAIL, Love! whose soft, bewitching reign,
 Pervades alike the court and plain ;
 At whose bright shrine all mortals bow,
 From scepter'd Sov'reign's to the plow.

Thy magic charm, thy touch divine,
 Reclaims the lowdest libertine :
 Enslaves the free, subdues the brave
 And to a monarch mounts a slave.

Thy

Thy power can make coy virgins kind,
The dumb, in signs, to speak his mind,
The clown a beau, the bashful bold,
The miser to forget his gold.

Thy genial sway all nations own,
From Lapland to the torrid zone;
The heart of ice thou mak'st to glow,
And warmer spirits warmer flow.

Thy pow'r inverts great nature's laws,
On age a "smack of youth" bestows;
Thou mak'st e'en dreary deserts gay,
And stern November smile like May.

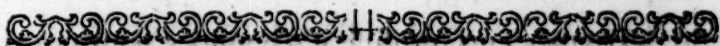
Thou canst assist the Poet's pains,
To sing in sweeter happier strains:
Persuade—how strange! with pow'ful plea,
The Lawyer to forego his fee.

Thou canst pale penury's woes assuage,
To pity turn the tyrant's rage:
In captive chains the conqueror lead,
And make fat monks renounce their creed.

Thou

Thou canst—what is't thou canst not do?
Mild as a dove thou mak'st the shrew;
To care's keen sons can give content;
Love takes the lead of---cent. per cent.

Hail, then, thou soul of soft desires,
Whose breath extatic bliss inspires,
At whose bright shrine all mortals bow,
From scepter'd sov'reigns to the plow.



To a Gentleman on the Day of his
Marriage.

DEIGN, Muse, to aid my humble, artless lay,
Whilst I, well pleas'd, sing *Florio's* nuptial
day.

The fair Eliza, grac'd with matchless charms,
Vouchsafes, this day, to bless her *Florio's* arms.
Light thy bright torch, and, Hymen, haste away,
This is Eliza's, *Florio's* nuptial day.
Haste, come, Eliza, by the Graces led,
Florio's fair fields await thy welcome tread.

At

At thy approach gay scenes shall look more gay,
 And bleak *November* breathe the sweets of *May*.
 Haste, come, Eliza, by the Graces led,
 Each verdant lawn invites thy welcome tread.
 Breathe on your flutes your softest notes, ye swains,
 To welcome fair Eliza to these plains.
 Hail, happy pair! may health's fair florid smile,
 Your moments gladden, and your care's beguile!
 May length of days be lent you from above;
 May mutual liking with your years approve!
 May Plenty's cup, profuse it's bounties pour;
 May joys domestic sweeten ev'ry hour;
 And may each babe Eliza's womb shall bear,
 Its father's WORTH, its mother's SWEETNESS
 share!



The Remonstrance of a Light Guinea.

Addressed to the Men at the Helm.

NOT speak, when thus my brethren all are
 martyr'd!

Sooner may I myself be *cut and quarter'd*!

I will---must speak to ease my burthen'd breast,
 With *scruples*, *grains*, and *penny-weights* oppress.
 Oh, dire disgrace, distressful to declare,
 Thus to suspend us, shameful, high in air !
 Thus to pursue us with unceasing hate,
 And all the tyrannizing tricks of *state* !
 To brand (till now) our bright, unsully'd name
 With, "light---deficient," oh, eternal shame !
 Ill-fated period ! little did I think,
 That thus they'd e'er have serv'd old English chink.
 Were I---but now, alas ! I'm out of date---
 I'd probe these ulcerous cankers of the state.
 Base regicides ! most impudently bold !
 To scratch the face of Majesty---in gold !
 What cause to serve us such a scurvy trick ?
 Perdition hurl them headlong to old N---k !
 Have we not fought land-battles, sea-fights too,
 Made Spaniards cringe, and Frenchmen cry *Mor-*
 bleu !
 Sapp'd walls, sack'd cities, bulwarks blown in air,
 And on our backs borne all the weight of war ?
 Eager to conquer, still averse to yield,
 We've stood the brunt of many a well-fought field.

We

We pay the foldier, and we pay the tar,
Fit out your fire-fhips, and your men of war.
Thefe feats *we* do, as fure as I'm now writing;
For no more pay, by gad, Sirs, no more fighting!
What's our reward for braving death and ftorms?
Sharp fhears diffect, fierce fires difsolve our forms.
Alas, fuch cutting, and fuch burning work!
The *Ruffs* more cruelly never ferv'd the *Turk*.
Gaping with wounds, thrown down with gingling
thumps,
Well may we, "chop-fall'n," mourn in doletul
dumps.

Ingrates! don't *we* fill up the nectareous bowl,
Make foot-men run, and flaming chariots roll?
Drefs your dull heads (we pay the French Frizeurs)
In *curls*, and *cues*, in *bags*, and *brigadiers*?
We are your Caterers both by fea and land;
Turtle and ven'ton fmoke at our command.
Nature we force your appetites to pleafe,
And in *December* treat you with *green-peafe*.
Who—who, fave *we*, fupport your racing breed?
We pay the grooms, and we the horfes feed.
We keep your doxies, and your dogs maintain;
We raife your ftately fttructures on the plain.

Our

Where the mute shoals, hid from the face of day,
Beneath the wave divide their liquid way.
Thy banks, O *Weisa*, oft with willing pace,
I cautious tread to tempt the speckled race :
With spring elastick dart the well-dress'd fly,
Sure death in ambush to the finny fry.
When fate and hunger fasten on my hook,
The mighty black-back'd monarch of the brook,
Then all my practis'd skill, and strength of line,
Is us'd to keep the tugging captive mine.
He first darts quick to gain the well-known root,
Where long he swam, supreme, the sov'reign trout.
If he the confines of his cabin gain,
Entangling roots shall snap my line in twain.
But my stanch tackling, and well-temper'd rod,
Have wheel'd him struggling, past his old abode.
Now up the stream he drives at rapid rate,
And tries each scheme to shun pursuing fate.
Now down, now up, now to, now fro' he flies ;
I quick attend with eagre hand and eyes.
Stung to the quick with agonizing pain,
Alert he springs above the pool amain,
Now hopes, now fears, alternate, shake my hand ;
Oh, could I drag him safely to the land !

Weak

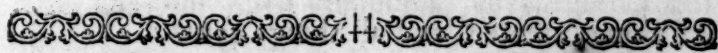
Weak grow his powers, my expectations strong,
 With ease I drag the fainting prize along.
 Lo ! the last efforts of his fan-broad tail !
 It flaps the flood, and sounds his parting knell.
 On the green-bank, the victim yields his breath ;
 Air, life to men, to trouts is certain death.
 Sweet pastimes these ! so innocent and pure,
 They might amuse a monarch's leisure hour.

Oft times the sport has pause—'tis so decreed—
 (For fish, like men, have stated hours to feed)
 Then *Moor-house Ellers*, then thy cool retreat,
 Protects me, panting, from the noon-tide heat ;
 Beneath thy wooing canopy I share
 Sweets yet untasted by the sons of care.
 The tuneful tenants of the shade unite,
 Their voices various to infuse delight.
 The Black-bird, Thrush, gay Finch, and Linnet grey,
 In nature's concert join the joyous lay ;
 The deep-ton'd Doves in cooing notes complain,
 And "babbling" Echo sports with ev'ry strain.
 The tardy flood scarce seems to creep along,
 As loth to leave the grove's enchanting song.

The white-fleec'd nations' bleatings from afar,
Float in the breeze, and faintly strike the ear.
Across the stream gay meads salute the fight,
With flowers enamell'd, and with verdure bright.
Beyond, rich glebe-lands rise in proud array,
And spread their glories to the god of day.
Say ye ! that to the brilliant court repair,
Or that attend to an Italian air,
Do scenes, thus pleasing, seize your ravish'd fight ?
Do sounds, thus soothing, give your souls delight ?
Italian airs, and princely pomps seem mean,
When Nature tunes the lyre, and paints the pomp-
ous scene.

Let me, then, here in Cumbria's pleasing plain,
Where rural sports, and nature's prospects reign,
Resign'd and fearless meet th' approach of fate,
Unknown to fame, unenvy'd by the great.





The 41st Chapter of Job ; attempted
in English Verse.

CANST thou Leviathan's enormous size,
With cords entangle, or with hooks surprize ?
His weight unweildy by a pack-thread draw ?
Or with a thorn transfix his flinty jaw ?
Will he, obedient, crouch beneath thy hand ?
Or, like thy servants, fly at thy command ?
Wilt thou with him, as with a sparrow play ?
Or bind him for thy maidens' holiday ?
Shall num'rous cooks his pond'rous bulk prepare,
That neighbouring nations may the banquet share ?
Barb'd irons from his solid sides rebound ;
On his firm skull can fish-spears scratch a wound ?
Touch—view the monster ! scan his matchless
 might,
Then fly precip'tate from th' appalling sight.
If none dare meet *his* strength, who then shall stand
Before the terrors of *my* humbling hand ?

84 A COLLECTION of

I, at whose nod, bright suns and systems roll,
 All things created, and all things control.
 Hear, wond'ring worlds! whilst I his pow'r proclaim,
 His parts proportionate, and his peerless fame.
 Who dares approach but to behold his face?
 To learn his likeness, or his parts to trace?
 Who can extend his wide and stubborn jaw,
 To view his teeth terrific many a row?
 His scaly pride emits a glorious glare,
 Its close contexture scorns the scorching air.
 His eyes are broad, and as the morning bright;
 His sternutations aid the noon-day light.
 His glowing breath to heat the breeze conspires;
 He belches sinoak, and vomits vivid fires.
 His neck is strung with strength to wage the war;
 He scoffs at dangers, for he knows no fear.
 His flesh in flakes sits firmly to his sides;
 And all the rage of missive darts derides.
 His heart undaunted in his bosom glows,
 To charge (for pastime) on his fiercest foes.
 Should sons of folly tempt his matchless might,
 They fly disgrac'd, dishonour'd from the fight.
 He laughs to scorn the implements of war,
 The sword, the dart, habergeon, and the spear;

The

The fruitless weapons from his sides rebound,
 And, shiv'ring, whiz in splinters all around.
 Sharp-pointed rocks, as wax yields to the fire,
 Yield to his weight : crush'd, atom'd in the mire.
 Old Ocean shakes beneath the monster's load,
 The boiling surface plainly points the road.
 His ample eye through wide Creation roves ;
 Of all my worldly works supreme in pride HE
 moves.



The House-Dog, Lap-Dog, and the
 Lady. A Fable.

LION had long the mansion watch'd ;
 Thieves, some he scar'd, and some he catch'd.
 With anxious care the house he kept ;
 He often wak'd, whilst others slept.
 He was a dog of generous kind ;
 On foes he growl'd, to friends shew'd kind.
 " Honest ? "—yes, as a dog need be ;
 He never purloin'd ; no, not he.

Of meat in pantry, or on spit,
He scorn'd, unbid, to touch a bit.
A crust to *Lion* seem'd as sweet
As puddings, raw, or roasted meat.
Plain was his taste, the fable says;
How few such dogs live now-a-days?
Sometimes tho'---truth we needs must own---
He lik'd to mouth a meatless bone,

Beneath the roof that *Lion* kept,
A lap-dog on soft cushions slept.
He was the favourite of his dame;
Madam liv'd high; *Pomp'* did the same.
He fed on boil'd: he fed on roast:
Lapp'd sugar'd tea, eat butter'd toast:
Was fondly kiss'd, and kindly prest;
“ Oh! the sweet creature! lovely beast!”

Pompey was giv'n to doggish vice,
Nor in his manners ought too nice.
When madam would her *Pompey* kiss,
He'd lift his leg, and on her p-fs.
His heart with avarice was replete;
He grudg'd each bone the house-dog eat.

A pert, provoking, fordid sot ;

“ What I can’t eat, shall lie and rot.”

It chanc’d one day, in hapless hour,
Lion roam’d round the parlour floor,
And off a plate made free to pick,
The bare-suck’d thigh-bone of a chick.
Pompey perceiv’d the plundering foe,
And, thus incens’d : “ Dear madam, lo !

“ See, look, behold ! a-well-a-day !

“ The house-dog bears my bones away.

“ Revenge, revenge the daring deed ;

“ Let the bold pilferer instant bleed ;

“ Pomp’ else no more shall frisk and play,

“ And on your heaving bosom lay ;

“ Or kiss your lips, or lick your face,

“ But die beneath the dire disgrace.

“ Revenge, revenge the daring deed ;

“ Let the bold pilferer instant bleed ! ”

‘ Cease, cease to grieve,’ his lady cry’d,

‘ Thy wishes shall be gratify’d.

‘ He dies ; at Pompey’s least desire

‘ Ten thousand house-dogs should expire.’

A rope fell to poor Lion's share;
 Base death rewarded all his care.



A Month after Marriage. A Tale,

HOW oft do trifles "light as air"
 Perplex, nay part the wedded pair?

To prove this truth let us prevail;
 Attend with patience to the tale.

Damon and Phillis, youthful pair,
 One evening rode to take the air,
 Four weeks had now approach'd and fled,
 Since first they press'd the bridal bed.
 Thus far soft loves had smil'd serene,
 And not one frown had damp'd the scene.
 Whilst on they ambled side by side,
 "How sweet the evening!" Damon cry'd;
 Prodigious sweet! his Phill reply'd.
 "What pleasing scenes salute the eye!"
 Most pleasing! was his Phill's reply.
 The sky was bright fave here and there,
 Some clouds sail'd slowly through the air,

Which

Which Proteus-like, oft chang'd their shape,
 From ox to horse, from ass to ape;
 Now to a lion, now a whale,
 Or stately vessel under sail;
 Now to a bull, and now a bear,
 Or castles floating in the air.
 In short th' aerial figures rise
 Form'd, just as shap'd by Fancy's eyes.

" Observe, my dear," fond Damon said,

" The cloud that passes o'er your head!

" 'Tis like a horse in very truth;

" Behold the bridle in his mouth!"

A horse! good lord! and laugh'd outright,

My love, you sure have lost your sight.

Why, 'tis a bull, exact and true,

As plain as ever pencil drew.

Behold his horns, a goodly pair!

Legs, tail——his ev'ry thing is there.

" A bull! a f—t, a fiddlestick;

" To hear such nonsense makes me sick.

" It is a horse, plain, and compleat;

" I see the shoes upon his feet."

It is a bull, I do protest;

I see his comely dew-lap'd chest.

" Psha!

" Psha ! 'tis a horse, so ne'er dispute."
 Poz ! 'tis a bull, beyond a doubt.
 " Zounds ! 'tis a horse, so hold your clack ;
 " I see the rider on his back."
 Vile wretch ! who can this insult bear ?
 It would provoke a faint to swear.
 Base brute ! to bid me hold my clack !
 Ye gods ! with rage my heart-strings crack.
 Ne'er more beneath thy roof I'll sleep,
 Ne'er more thy hated converse keep.
 She turn'd her horses head about,
 With, " Bull, by Jove ! beyond a doubt."
 Phill' kept religiously her word ;
 They ne'er more met at bed or board.
 How ticklish is the married state,
 When *clouds*, not stars can rule its fate ?



The Physical Fox, and sick Heifer.

A Fable.

IT chanc'd (tis now long since indeed,
 When beasts cou'd blister, cup and bleed;

And

And all the powrs of med'cine knew,
 As well as, now a days, *men* do)
 An heifer was ta'en mighty bad,
 A Doctor therefore, must be had.
 A Fox, Phyfician by his trade,
 Was call'd to the fick Heifer's aid.
 He came, and, with a formal face,
 Began to comment on the cafe.
 He lean'd his head upon his paw,
 Cry'd "hum --- let's fee---aye 'tmust be fo"
 Then felt his pulfe, and cry'd "my dear,
 "Some fymptoms feverifh appear.
 "I wou'd--- I hope 'twould eafe your pain,
 "Advife the opening of a vein."
 To this the Heifer low'd consent;
 And now to work the Doctor went.
 She freely bled a copious flood;
 The Doctor lapp'd the lufcious blood.
 Next day this fon of Galen came;
 His mode of treatment was the fame.
 Thus for full fourteen days at leaft,
 He quaff'd the purple-flowing feaft.
 His patient now was brought fo low,
 She fcarce could either ftand or go.

" I must now use my *honest* skill ;
 " If I can't cure, I must not kill.
 " Should she depart, then all my fame
 " Is lost ; farewell Physician's name !
 " I've suck'd almost her vital blood ;
 " I'll now prescribe to do her good."

He now remits his bleeding plan,
 And thus his fresh prescription ran :

" You must repair to flowery fields,
 " And crop the sweets which nature yields.
 " Drink deep of the transparent flood,
 " To fill your veins with wholesome blood."

She did so : and gain'd strength each hour ;
 Nature, not art confirm'd the cure,



ODE to SPRING.

I.

HAIL, gentle SPRING ! whose genial power
 Calls to new-life each fragrant flower,
 In richest tints array'd ;
 Whose balmy breath revives each scene,
 The shady grove, the daisy'd green,
 In verdant beauty clad.

At

II.

At thy approach the feather'd trains,
 Renew their long-neglected strains,
 Sweet music floats around ;
 Whilst list'ning Echo's busy tongue,
 Repeats the burden of each song,
 In faint, imperfect sound.

III.

Thy presence prompts the labouring swain,
 To give, with equal hand, the grain
 To the kind, fostering soil ;
 Mild suns autumnal shall mature
 The golden crop, in happy hour
 To recompense his toil.

IV.

Long had the (late) meand'ring rill,
 Confin'd in icy chains stood still,
 Doom'd now to glide no more ;
 But, by thy lenient hand set free,
 It moves to liquid melody,
 Adown the shelvy shore.

The

V.

The mute sojourners of the brook,
Had long their wonted paths forsook,
Cramp'd by stern Winter's reign ;
But, rous'd by thy reviving beam,
Again they gambol in the stream,
And skim the glassy plain.

VI.

Ah, short-liv'd joys!—the angler keen
Shall soon to sorrow change the scene,
With the deceptive fly ;
The speckled rovers seize the bait,
And swallow unsuspected fate ;
They flounce, they gasp, they die !

VII.

Thy healing hand destroys disease ;
Thy breath brings health in ev'ry breeze,
Before thee agues fly ;
Thou giv'st each heart with joy to glow,
All blood in brisker streams to flow,
Health laughs in ev'ry eye.

What

VIII.

What tribute, then, shall mortals bring,
To offer to the genial spring?
What trophies shall we raise?
With grateful song at least let's try,
To waft her praises to the sky,
In loud, accordant lays.



ODE to SUMMER.

I.

MILD, soft-ey'd smiling SUMMER, hail!
With full-blown, ripen'd beauty crown'd;
Whose scented breath perfumes the gale,
And sheds sweet incense all around,

II.

Thine is the season, when each grove,
In loose-hung, leafy robes array'd,
Invites the nymphs and swains to rove,
Beneath the love-inducing shade.

The

III.

The rose, each aromatic flower,
Kiss'd by the balmy lips of May,
Retain the sweet, impressiv power,
And pleas'd their blushing charms display.

IV.

In mantle cloath'd of milk-white dye,
The thorn proclaims soft Maia's reign;
It's gladdening beauties greet the eye;
Winds waft its sweets through all the plain.

V.

One sketch of Summer's pencil draws,
Scenes yet unknown by study'd art;
Sweetness *unseen* it can disclose,
And joys *invisible* impart.

VI.

Breath'd into life, the gorgeous trains
Of blooming buds unfold their forms;
Softly descend, ye welcome rains!
Nor blast Pomona's hopes ye storms!

The

VII.

The meads, matur'd by Summer's power,
Gay nature's bright embroid'ry wear,
Destin'd, in Winter's dreary hour,
To feed the farmer's hoofed care.

VIII.

How pleasing at the peep of day,
To hear the tenants of the grove,
Perch'd on the dew-bespangled spray,
Hymn songs of gratitude and love?

IX.

The light-wing'd wanderers of the air,
In buzzing millions mount the sky;
Or to the stagnant pools repair,
To sport life's shortest hour, and die.

X.

From each fair flower the busy bee,
Culls sweets with art, instinctive, wise,
View, Alchymists! their labours see!
The process gives the golden prize.

XI.

At even, when the god of day
Withdraws to beam on worlds more west,
The birds, then silent, press the spray,
And music sleeps in ev'ry breast;

XII.

Save thine, lone chauntress, Philomel',
Sweet serenader of the night!
From dusk to dawn thy notes prevail,
To give the wakeful ear delight.

XIII.

Say, bird of darkling! why approve
Night's season to pour forth thy lay,
When the musicians of the grove,
Court sweet repose upon the spray?

XIV.

Springs it from modesty that thou
Join'st not by day, the warbling throng,
Lest thy wing'd brethren of the bough,
Should droop at thy superior song?

Or

XV.

Or is't from pride thy silence springs?
(In birds, perhaps, that passion reigns)
When ev'ry copse with music rings,
Scorn'st thou to mix with meaner strains?

XVI.

These, Summer! these to thee belong,
Sweet sounds, sweet smells, sweet rural views;
Accept, too, this my humble song,
This mean oblation of the muse.



ODE to AUTUMN.

I.

GRAVE Matron, rob'd in russet grey,
AUTUMN! to thee I tune the lay,
To thee, with fruits, and faded flow'rets crown'd;
What tho' sweet Summer's charms be fled,
Its lillies, and its roses dead,
Still Thou with pleasing scenes canst paint the
ground.

II.

Sacred to thee the golden grain
Waves wanton o'er the smiling plain,
And, fully ripen'd, courts the reapers' hand;
The sickled throngs in rows appear,
To reap the riches of the year,
And sheaves abundant crowd the loaded land.

III.

Behind, the farmer binds the sheaves;
His heart with honest transport heaves,
To view redundant increase round him lie;
Already paid his labours seem;
Ricks rise: his barns with fullness teem,
And future plenty fills his musing eye.

IV.

Ye rich! with grateful hearts adore
The Giver of this bounteous store,
Nor let pale penury, unpity'd, crave;
Stife the widow's plaintive sigh,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
And from distress the helpless save!

To

V.

To grace the evening of the year,
 Pomona's retinue appear,
 Each branch bends low beneath the blooming load;
 The fruits shall sweet repast afford,
 Or in trim tarts adorn the board;
 Such the fair fruits thou, Eden, erst bestow'd.

VI.

These Autumn's growths : her sports demand
 Description at the Poet's hand;
 The hound and horn must open in his song;
 The winged gleaners of the field,
 What game or heaths, or stubbles yield,
 Must at her feet be laid : to Autumn they belong.

VII.

At early day the joyous horn,
 Shrilly salutes the 'wakening morn,'
 And calls to horse the Nimrods of the plain;
 Th' expecting pack impatient stand,
 To meet the huntsman's known command;
 Fly, fly, ye hares ! —but ah, your flight is vain.

VIII.

She starts ! she starts ! behold her fly !
Tumultuous uproar rends the sky ;
Horse, foot, and hounds pursue the puny prize,
Train'd to death's trade, the subtle crew
Unwind each maze ; a view ! a view !
She turns, she pants, she falls, she shrieks, she dies !

IX.

The Spaniel now, with graceful ease,
Snuffs distant coveys in the breeze ;
Ill-fated birds ! born just to breathe and die ;
He points where close the tremblers lay ;
Death, hurl'd in thunder, wings its way ;
Spread on the plain the bleeding victims lie.

X.

Should the brood's Sire, in lucky hour,
Chance to escape Death's leaden shower,
From field to field he'll melancholy roam ;
No answers to his calls are made,
His mate, and mottled brood lie dead,
And he (perchance) to-morrow shares their doom,

The

XI.

The pleasures these, the profits those,
Which blest'd Autumnia's hand bestows;
And thus we hail her in an humble strain;
By her the oaten-reed is rais'd,
On it then let her charms be prais'd;
Let rustic music ring through all the plain.



ODE to WINTER.

I.

HAIL, lord of storms! majestic WINTER,
hail!

Cloath'd in wild whirlwinds, and with tempests
crown'd;

When baneful bands the sick'ning year assail,
And spread their direful devastations round.

II.

Thy voice calls forth the black boréal trains;
The howling hurricanes attend the call;
With ruthless rage they rush along the plains;
The solid centre shakes: trees, tow'rs, and tem-
ples fall.

Incens'd

III.

Incens'd to view the havock of thy hand,
Whose icy touch has now benumb'd the green,
The sun askant scouls on the faded land,
And makes an hasty exit from the scene.

IV.

The groves, divested of their green array,
(Whose honours now in heaps bestrew the plain)
Their unadorn'd, and naked arms display,
And seem to supplicate thy rigorous reign.

V.

Dark, low'ring clouds deform the face of day;
Heaven's sluices open: now pour down their store;
The rushing rivers scorn their wonted way,
And the eye strains to search the distant shore.

VI.

Anon, obedient to thy bending law,
The floods no more the liquid parts retain;
The streams lethargic stiffen as they flow,
And now present one solid, shining plain.

The

VII.

The down-wing'd snows steal softly to the ground,
Flake after flake thick crowding through the air,
'Till the white plain, with snowy vestments crown'd,
Greets the pleas'd eye with one refulgent glare.

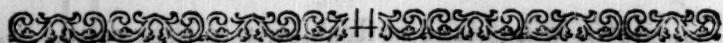
VIII.

Soar, contemplation! to the heav'ns ascend;
Gaze on the glorious orbs that countless shine;
Then with religious admiration bend,
And praise th' Almighty architect divine!

IX.

From him the Summer months their sweetness
draw,
And Thou, wild Winter, shak'st beneath his nod;
Praise then the Power from whom all beings flow;
Soul of all SEASONS: great JEHOVAH: GOD!





Phyfic for Adversity. A Song.

WHAT tho' to day dame Fortune frown,
The thing's not new nor strange;
Her face, like a true female's, soon
From frowns to smiles will change.

This hour tho' scorn sits on her brow,
And stubborn seem her charms,
The next, like womankind, she'll bow,
And yielding, blefs our arms,

This moment tho' aloft we view her,
So high that hope can scarce soar to her,
Anon, like Eve's fair, high-flown race,
She'll stoop her head to our embrace,
Cease then whining,

Cease repining,
Let Hope smoothe the rugged way;
Tho' Fortune leaves us,
And thus grieves us,
To-morrow, brighter scenes will rise,
To cheer our hearts and glad our eyes,

ENGLISH



ENGLISH ALE.

A Song.

I.

WHILST Barley grows on British ground,
Ale king of liquor shall be crown'd,
And, till we die, or drunk or sober,
Let's sing the sweets of brown *October*.

II.

Some praise the generous juice of wine,
And cry in raptures, 'tis divine!
But while to wag our tongues are able,
We'll swear 'tis false, and all a fable.

III.

Of nectar, drink of gods we've heard,
With which Jove wont to wet his beard;
But by this tankard, and great Jove,
'Twas ale brew'd from yon fields---above.

Mount

IV.

Mount then the tankard with full measure,
 Ale's the true, celestial treasure;
 Above, what gods have quaff'd before,
 Below, we quaff on Britain's shore.



The HAPPY BATCHELOR;
 A Song.

I.

A Batchelor's life of all lives is the best,
 No cares matrimonial disturb his calm rest;
 No lectures, call'd *curtain*, shake sleep from his eyes,
 When tir'd he can rest, and when tir'd he can rise.

II.

If a ride he proposes, a walk, or the bowl,
 No tongue dare to thwart him, no wife can
 controul;
 Whate'er be his humour: to sing, snore, or pout,
 That man, sure, is happiest that freely can do't.

III.

A friend he can visit, or by himself fit,
Put on just what cloaths, or what looks he thinks fit :
Can fondle with *Fowler*, and give him a kiss,
And no one to say to him, *fie ! 'tis amiss*.

IV.

On beef he can breakfast : with ale wash it down,
Unenvying muse on the modes of the town ;
With content in his heart, but no horns on his head,
Unmarry'd it thus, what bewitchment to wed ?

Woman the goodliest Gift of Heaven ;

A Song.

I.

SAY what stamps intrinsic pleasure
On the craving mind of man ?
Women, women fill joy's measure,
Sweeten life when nought else can.

When

II.

When corroding cares oppress us :
 Spread their influence o'er the heart,
 Woman's smiles can soon re-blefs us,
 Love inspire and peace impart.

III.

Tho' plac'd in Eden, scene enchanting,
 Adam, touch'd with soft alarms,
 Still sigh'd, for something still was wanting,
 'Till heaven gave Eve to his arms.

IV.

Bless'd then, doubly blefs'd each swain,
 Plac'd in Britain's blooming grove,
 Where Beauty holds supreme its reign,
 Where women smile, where men must love.



The Wren and the Partridges. A Fable.

A Wren, in search of food, one day,
 Across the stubble wing'd his way,
 And chanc'd, as down he cast his eye,
 A flock of Partridges to espy.

He

He view'd the busy, pecking train,
Regaling rich on pubble grain.
He furl'd his feather'd sails in haste,
And down he dropp'd to share the feast,

The Wren had no far trav'ler been :
'Till now had ne'er a Partridge seen ;
Not small was, therefore, his surprize,
To view their comeliness and fize.
In fat, good keeping case they shone,
Plump as a Partridge ev'ry one,
Their company he closely kept :
He with them fed, he with them slept.
When to fresh fields the covey flew,
He still was ready to pursue.
Nought was amiss, save now and then,
They crack'd a joke upon the Wren ;
His pigmy fize would scarce (they said)
Make e'en an unfledg'd Partridge' head.

These taunts in the Wren's stomach stuck ;
What bird could bear such blunt rebuke ?
He now, desponding, droop'd his wings,
And thus he said, the fable sings :

“ Why

“ Why was I form’d of size so small,
“ To be a laughing-stock to all?
“ Had I been chipp’d a Partridge, then
“ I’d been admir’d by birds and men.”

The Wren had scarce these words pronounc’d,
When o’er the hedge a spaniel bounc’d.
The tainted breeze directs its way;
He points to where the covey lay.
The sportsman now with hasty hand,
Unfurl the net and ready stand.
It now, expanded, sweeps the plain;
Enmesh’d are all the fluttering train.
The Wren—thanks to his pigmy size!
Through th’ unimpeding meshes flies,
And as he flew, with fear half dead,
He thus his recantation read:
“ No more I’ll tax impartial fate,
“ No more I’ll murmur at my state.
“ Ah me! had I a Partridge been,
“ I now had gasp’d upon the green!”

The



The M O N K ;

From Mr. Yorick's Sentimental Journey through
France and Italy. Vol. I. Page 10.

SCARCE to my lips these words had bid adieu,
When a poor Monk Franciscan met my view;
Unintroduc'd the Convent's caterer stood,
To seek assistance for his brotherhood.
I saw ; and instant in my mind declar'd,
That not one fouse to aid him should be spar'd :
Strait clos'd my purse, and in my fob bestow'd :
Self-pois'd more firmly on my centre stood,
Then tow'rds him mov'd in stiff, and measur'd pace,
And, much I fear, mov'd with forbidding grace.
Even now his figure stands before my view ;
And sure a gentler treatment was its due.
The few remaining honours of his head,
Pronounc'd full seventy fleeting years had fled,
Since first they sprung ; but when I scann'd his eye,
Wherein sat, smiling, lively courtesy,

I then re-estimate his years' amount,
 And strike ten years from off the first account ;
 Truth, certes, lay between, and since his birth,
 Full sixty genial springs had cheer'd the earth.
 That this his age his ev'ry look and air,
 In deep indented characters declare.
 And more they told : that some sad stroke of woe,
 Had, premature, delv'd deep his wrinkl'd brow.
 'Twas such a head as Guido oft conceiv'd ;
 Such features oft upon his canvass liv'd :
 Pale, penetrating, and with mildness fraught,
 Free from each grov'ling, gross, and downward
 thought ;
 It forwards look'd : but look'd as if to gain
 Scenes far remov'd beyond this world's domain.
 How such a head to a Monk's portion fell,
 The all-wise donor, heaven, alone can tell.
 It would have grac'd a Bramin's form, my friend !
 And had I met it on the plains of Inde',
 I should have giv'n the graceful form its due,
 And hail'd it with low, reverential bow.
 A few flight strokes, and then his picture's drawn ;
 Nor elegant, nor otherwise he shone.

He

He look'd, spoke, mov'd in that peculiar frame,
 Just as the moment's circumstances claim.
 Spare, meagre was his form : his size I find
 Above the middling standard of mankind :
 Save that a bending forward in his gait,
 Reduc'd his stature to the common state ;
 But 'twas intreaty's humble attitude,
 And whilst the holy mendicant I view'd,
 It more of beauty than of blemish shew'd.

Having, with step sedate, three paces trod,
 For a short moment motionless he stood.
 His left hand was upon his bosom laid,
 A slender staff was in his right display'd,
 (A needful prop his aged steps to aid.)

When I had close approach'd this holy man,
 In unaffected terms his tale began :
 His Convent's wants—his Order's poverty
 He spoke, and look'd so full, and feelingly,
 With such a graceful deprecating air,
 Bewitchment ! to withstand his pity-moving pray'r.
 A better reason was my " Pre-resolve,
 " That not one soule should to his share devolve."

He ended his address, and heav'd a sigh,
And upwards cast a supplicating eye.

" True—true (I cry'd) and heav'n their resource be,

" Whose doubtful hopes depend on charity ;

" Its stock, alas ! I fear is much too poor,

" For the *great claims* presented ev'ry hour."

At the word *claims* he look'd a mute reply,

And on his tunic's sleeve affix'd his eye.

I felt th' appeal's full force assail my breast,

And thus the silent supplicant address :

" A diet meagre—habit coarse and bare,

" (Such diet, habits as your order share)

" Are but cold comforts candour must declare.

" But hence shall slothful Ecclesiastics press,

" Upon the fund set sacred to distress ?

" The drooping captive in damp cells confin'd,

" The orphan'd infant, and the ancient blind,

" The weeping widow, and the helpless lame,

" These, sorrow's genuine sons, our aid and pity
claim ;

" And had'st thou here of *Mercy's order* stood,

" Intreating for *that* holy brotherhood,

" Poor as I am, full freely had I paid

" Donation bounteous to th' afflicted's aid."—

He

He bow'd—"but sure (said I) my native land

"Its sons of sorrow our *first* care demand:

"And thousands yonder on my native shore,

"Excite to pity, and for aid implore."

He cordial wav'd his venerable head;

Translated thus the graceful motion said:

"In ev'ry land, sans doubt, affliction dwells,

"As well as in our convents' needy cells."

"But we (and on his sleeve my hand I laid

"In answer to the appeal his eye had made)

"But we, good father, weigh th' unequal plea,

"Betwixt the drone, and the industrious bee:

"'Twixt those, who, labouring, would life's sweets
procure,

"And those, who, loitering, would those sweets devour.

"Who chuse of ease, and ignorance the road,

"And claim life's comforts *for the love of God.*"

The poor Franciscan nought in answer spake;

A short-liv'd hectic pass'd across his cheek

And fled; nor left one angry trace behind;

Resentment liv'd not in his gentle mind.

He let his staff fall gently on his breast,

And both his hands upon his bosom prest,

Then, in the attitude which grace inspir'd,
With faint-like resignation he retir'd.

Remorse, the moment that he clos'd the door,
Smote on my breast, and pain'd at ev'ry pore.
With careless air I strove t'assuage the pain,
But still it stung, and still I strove in vain.
Each word ungracious, and each look unkind,
Arm'd in conviction, rush'd upon my mind.
Reflection whisper'd, " Say—the priv'lige shew ?
Why thus exult o'er deprecating woe ?
Dost thou not, cruel ! disregard his pray'r ?
Must he reproaches with denial share ?
Could not his silver'd hairs his passport prove,
Protect from insult, or to pity move ?"
His courteous form re-enter'd in my mind,
And gently ask'd, " Ah, wherefore thus unkind ?
" How have I injured thee in word or look,
" Thus to be loaded with unjust rebuke ?"
I felt the charge—sad on my soul it fate ;
I'd given a kingdom for an advocate.
" 'Tis wrong, by heaven !—but yet my travel's
young ;
" I'll mend my manners as I move along."

The



The C A P T I V E:

From Mr. Yorick's Sentimental Journey through
France and Italy.——Vol. II. Page 137.

P A R I S.

THE captive Sterling's sorrow-sounding note,
Pursu'd, nor left me when my room I sought.

I fate ; my head was on my hand reclin'd ;
Deep ruminations wrought within my mind ;
Confinement's woes, a sickly, pallid train !
Impres'd their image on my musing brain.
Nor did the ideal image grate my soul ;
I gave my thoughts the reins to roam without con-
troul.

I first essay'd the various griefs to trace
Of the vast millions of the human race
Who, born to slavery, bend beneath its law
And groan a life of unremitting woe.
Here tho' I view'd affliction's fainting train,
Yet still I distant view'd th' affecting scene ;

Its

Its objects num'rous ting'd in sorrows dye,
Rose in distracted order to my eye.
—One single captive from the groupe I chose,
To weigh his sorrows, and to weep his woes.
I stretch'd him on his cheerless bed of straw,
Then peep'd to paint the workings of his woe,
A breathing skeleton of grief he shone ;
Captivity " had worn him to the bone."
I felt what sorrows, and what heart-sick throes,
In captive souls from hope deferr'd arose.
I pry'd with deep attentiveness and trace
A feverish paleness seated on his face.
Twice fifteen springs had verdant cloath'd the
wood,
Since the soft Western breeze had fann'd his blood :
Since sun to him, or moon, or stars appear :
Since voice of kinsman founded in his ear :
Since his lov'd children —
Here my heart bled ; my soul shrunk from the
view ;
I dropp'd the picture, and pourtray'd anew.

In dungeon damp a drooping son of woe
Sat forrowing on a scanty bed of straw.

Rang'd

Rang'd in rude dispositions at the head
 A little calendar of sticks was laid,
 Whereon was notch'd each dismal night and day,
 Which here in sorrow he had sigh'd away.
 He now was adding to the heaps amount :
 Etching a day of woe to swell the sad account.
 Whilst I obscur'd the dull and scanty day,
 Which through the lattice bent its feeble ray,
 He rais'd an hopeless eye, and star'd around,
 Then shook his head, and, pensive, ey'd the ground.
 He paus'd ; then with his pen, a rusty nail,
 Pursu'd his task, and etch'd affliction's tale.
 He turn'd his body on the rustling straw,
 To place the sentence 'midst the book of woe,
 Then groan'd acute ;—I heard his clanking chain ;
 I saw the iron pierce his soul with pain.
 Unable to sustain th' ideal woe,
 Tears following tears adown my visage flow.
 Abrupt I started from my seat, and cry'd,
 " I'll to the Duke---nor will I be deny'd ;
 " Fly---fly ! prepare a coach, I'll instant go,
 " To crave enlargement for this son of woe."



On an Unhappy * Prisoner.

OH! waft me, Fancy, to those gloomy cells,
Where, plung'd in grief, the pining convict
dwells.

There—there he lies, o'erwhelm'd with weighty
woe;

Behold his eye!---the tears repentant flow!

A languid look he now sends, to the sky;

And now his bosom heaves the penitential sigh.

And must that graceful form be doom'd to meet.

The stern command of an untimely fate?

And must those lips from whence sweet accents
flow'd,

Be clos'd, untimely, in death's dark abode?

And must that tongue, on which persuasion hung,

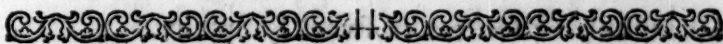
Untimely cease to charm th' admiring throng?

Forbid it heav'n! some pitying angel send,

To ease his anguish, and his soul befriend.

Lo!

Lo! in the WEST there sits an angel bright,
 Yet untranslated to the realms of light.
 Thou earthly emblem of celestial charms,
 Save---snatch the sufferer from death's op'ning
 arms.
 Wipe from contrition's eye the trickling tear;
 Oh, whisper pity in the Royal ear.
 Heav'n shall approve the deed; bright choirs on
 high
 Shall sing their sister angel's praises in the sky.



SENSIBILITY;

From Mr. Yorick's Sentimental Journey through
 France and Italy. Vol. II. Page 224.

DEAR Sensibility, thrice gracious guest!
 Thou truthful touch-stone of the human
 breast!
 From thy pure, inexhausted fountain flow
 Our joys most precious, or most costly woe.
 Thou chain'st the martyr to harsh slavery's oar,
 Or giv'st his soul celestial flights to soar.

Source

Source of our feelings ! *here* thou reign'st confest ;

This thy " Divinity " that heaves my breast---

Not that in some dull hour of mental pain

The soul shrinks back upon herself again,

And startles at destructions pallid train,---

Mere pomp of words---but that I inward feel,

Some generous joys upon my senses steal :

Some generous cares within my bosom glow,

Which *mere mortality* could never know.

Great---great SENSORIUM of the world ! from
thee

Spring all the sources of sweet sympathy.

If war's most distant voice but strike thy ear,

Thou straitway pays the tributary tear.

In dear EUGENIUS thy full force is shewn :

He feels my ev'ry grief, and utters groan for groan.

Thy touch can (sometimes) melt the roughest swain,

That tends his flock upon the rudest plain.

---A lacerated limb the peasant spies,

Views the poor languisher with pitying eyes,

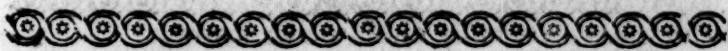
Leans on his crook, and sympathizing cries :

" Had I but come---but ah ! 'tis now too late---

" It bleeds, it dies ! " his heart too bleeds its fate.

Peace,

Peace, peace be to thee, gentle, generous swain !
 I see thy bosom pierc'd with inward pain.
 Thy honest griefs shall be with joys repaid ;
 Comfort shall pour its blessings on thy head.
 Happy shall be the partner of thy choice,
 Your flocks shall prosper, and your lambs rejoice.

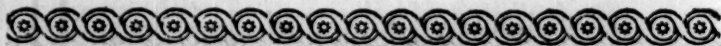


The SNOW-DROP.

A Snow-drop late its foliage spread,
 And thus too arrogantly said :
 “ Whilst not one flower adorns the green,
 “ I only grace the vernal scene ;
 “ Whilst spring’s gay retinue lie dead,
 “ I only rear my snowy head.”
 It spoke. Anon, the lowering sky
 Proclaims the coming tempest nigh.
 And now the tempest pours around ;
 Sharp pattering hail-stones strike the ground ;
 The Snow-drop’s stalk is rent in twain ;
 It falls, and fades upon the plain.

Hence

Hence learn, ye youthful female race;
Boast not the beauties of a *fate*.
A few, short, fleeting years will bring,
The *Autumn* bleak of beauty's *Spring*.
Stern time shall snatch your charms away;
Each rose shall fade, each lilly shall decay.



Reflections on Slavery and Liberty;

From Mr. Yorick's Sentimental Journey.—Vol. II.

Page 136.

ASsume what shape thou wilt, still, Slavery, still,
Thou art a bitter, and a nauseous pill.
And tho' in this wide, habitable waste,
Thousands are forc'd thy acid ills to taste,
Yet not on that account can we suppose,
That less thy bitterness, or less thy woes.
'Tis *thou*, thrice gracious goddess, *Liberty*,
At whose bright shrine all nations bend the knee;
'Tis thou, whose pure, unmix'd, salubrious bowl,
With sweets uncloying cheers th' enraptur'd soul

With

With grateful, lasting flavour fills the mind,
 Nor leaves one dreg of bitterness behind.
 No *tint* of words thy snowy robe can stain ;
 It shall still spotless, still unsoil'd remain.
 No pow'r in study'd Chymistry's wide range,
 Can thy bright sceptre into iron change.
 If thou but smile upon the humble swain,
 That eats his homely pittance on the plain ;
 Then happier he, than monarchs more content,
 From whose gay courts an exile thou art sent.
 " Grant me, all-gracious heav'n ! (I kneeling cry'd)
 " Health, and this smiling goddess for my guide,
 " Then YE, whose heads for such high honours ache,
 " Seize—take the *Mitres*, and the *Crozier*s take."



A P R A Y E R.

I.

FORMER divine of the stupendous **W**HOLE,
 Of this firm earth, and of yon ambient sky,
 Of suns and systems that unnumber'd roll,
 Impervious to the ken of mortal eye !

Beneficent

II.

Beneficent Protector of the trains,
That wing the air, or cleave the liquid deep,
That roam the forest, or that crop the plains,
Or that beneath the grassy surface creep !

III.

But chief of MAN : man thy peculiar care,
Endu'd with reason, in thy image made,
Born, through thy grace, seraphic bliss to share,
Joy everlasting, pure, and unallay'd !

IV.

Great source of good ! to thee I prostrate bend,
With deep devotion, and obeisance due ;
Oh ! hear my call, and to my pray'r attend,
Nor let a suppliant sinner fruitless bow.

V.

Pour down the dew of thy enlight'ning grace,
On ev'ry land throughout this earthly frame,
That " faint and savage" may alike embrace
The TRUTH, and bow to bless'd JEHOVAH's name.

Each

VI.

Each sect from farthest East to farthest West,
In bonds of brotherly affection tie ;
Pluck fell dissention from each human mind,
And sow the seeds of cordial amity.

VII.

But chief, O Lord ! on these *divided* lands,
The balm of sweet, returning concord pour ;
Oh, sheathe the weapons of yon hostile bands,
That wade in blood upon yon *Western* shore.

VIII.

Let ev'ry tongue in ev'ry clime proclaim
Thy tender mercies, and paternal love ;
Fall prostrate, nations ! and adore his name,
Who reigns for ever in the realms above !





Ode for the 12th of August, 1777,

Being the BIRTH-DAY of his Royal Highness,
GEORGE, PRINCE of WALES.

I.

BLESS'D fight ! Behold yon grey-ey'd morn
Again proclaims the welcome day,
On which the blooming youth was born,
Who o'er these lands shall hold his future sway.
String, string your harps, and sound your loftiest
 strains
To hail the Heir of Albion's happy plains.

II.

Hark !——Bells and clarions joyous ring,
And sweet melodious minstrels play,
In honour of our future king,
To hail his natal——*this* auspicious day.
Let ev'ry voice accordant join the strains,
That hail the Heir of Albion's happy plains.

Lo!

III.

Lo! noble, numerous troops repair,
Adorn'd in rich and proud array,
In words those raptures to declare,
Which round their hearts in sweet sensations play.
Oh! may joy still await those truthful trains,
That join to bless the Heir of Albion's plains.

IV.

The Muse, far distant from the throng,
On reed of rustick sound essays,
To pay her homage in a song
In low, yet honest, unaffected lays.
Deign to accept the heart-dictated strains,
Thou rightful Heir of Albion's happy plains.

V.

May each succeeding season bring,
(And bring it shall the Muse foresee)
To crown compleat our future king,
Health, wisdom, worth, and sweet majestic ease.
Each tongue, each heart pour forth the loyal strains
"Long live the blooming Heir of Albion's happy
plains!"



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plains !”



The BEE and the BUTTERFLY.

A Fable.

WHEN Bees and Butterflies could talk,
And reason like us Christian folk,

It chanc'd a roaming Bee one day,
To flowery meadows wing'd his way.
He careful cull'd from ev'ry flower
The sweets to form his golden store.
He wrapp'd the spoil around his thighs,
And bent beneath the balmy prize.

A Butterfly of various hue
Happ'd the laborious Bee to view.
He was pert, positive, and vain,
The coxcomb of the insect-train.
He spread his gay and gaudy wings,
And thus he said, the fable sings :
“ Egad! old friend, I vow and swear,
“ Thou hast a monstrous load to bear ;
“ Hast too---if I surmise aright---
“ A tedious way to fly to-night ;

“ But

- “ But lest thou should’st refreshment lack,
 “ Thou bear’st provisions on thy back.
 “ Why wilt thou thus turmoil and strain,
 “ And of a pleasure make a pain?
 “ Learn from us *Butterflies* to share
 “ Life free from keen, corroding care.
 “ We sip the sweets of every flower,
 “ And still enjoy the present hour ;
 “ But never load our minds with sorrow,
 “ In hoarding up against to-morrow.
 “ How can we ever stand in need,
 “ Whilst flowers enamel ev’ry mead? ”

The Bee scoul’d on the Butterfly,
 And humm’d this pertinent reply :
 ‘ Enough of pleasure, ’tis confess,
 ‘ At present fills thy sensual breast ;
 ‘ But giddy, thoughtless creature, say !
 ‘ When ev’ry flow’r shall fade away,
 ‘ How wilt thou then thy life sustain,
 ‘ Upon the fruitless frigid plain ?
 ‘ Whilst I, secure, and free from care,
 ‘ The sweets of all my toils shall share.’



A Prayer for a dear Friend, labouring
under severe, bodily Affliction.

I.

GOD of my hopes, oh! hear my cry,
Nor let me call in vain;
Cast down from heaven a pitying eye,
On *this Afflicted's* pain!

II.

When deeply groaning on his bed:
When with fierce pains oppress;
Oh! let soft sleep its influence shed,
And soothe his soul to rest!

III.

Or when returning pains by day
His feeble frame assail,
O Lord, remove those pains away,
Nor let their power prevail!

IV.

O Lord, in gratitude we bow,
And pay unfeigned praise,
In that thou'st mark'd his rev'rend brow,
With plenitude of days;

V.

Yet oh! yet lend his life a while;
Lord hear our duteous cry;
Let health, again returning smile,
And ev'ry anguish fly!



A SOLILOQUY on DEATH;

From the Spectator. Vol. II.

Quis Desiderio sit pudor, aut modus

Tam Chari capitis?

HOR.

UNlook'd-for change! from healthful, vigorous state,

Thus soon to fall beneath the shaft of fate!

Those lips which pale and livid now appear,

Late with lov'd accents charm'd each list'ning ear.

Next

Next to conforming to the laws of God,
 (To whom his soul prepares to wing its road)
 To please, to teach was still his anxious aim,
 No selfish views lurk'd in his generous frame.
 Num'rous his virtues: but to crown the whole,
 Kindness fate sov'reign in his gentle soul.
 Nature had giv'n him, with unsparing hand,
 Parts which our reverence and our love command:
 Form'd him to shine, in a contentious age,
 With ev'ry grace which can the heart engage.
 There as in helpless agony he lies,
 (His soul in act to join its kindred skies)
 Who that but knew him, would not worlds bestow,
 For his reward, to feel his present woe?
 Why disregards my heart calm reason's call?
 Why, best of men! why do I mourn thy fall?
 View---view his pangs perspire through ev'ry pore!
 Heav'n---heav'n receive him!--or oh, heav'n re-
 store!

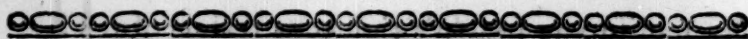
Thy tender mother, in affliction drown'd,
 Thy friends, thy helpless servants stand around;
 Unnotic'd stand. Oh! hadst thou power of speech,
 How much, how mildly would'st thou say to
 each?

---Now

---Now bursts his heart; his pains are now no more;
 His spirit flies new regions to explore.
 Passions impure ne'er stain'd his spotless breast;
 Fit soul to join heav'n's righteous realms of rest!
 Where now are all thy plans, beloved youth,
 Of justice, honour, and of white-rob'd truth?
 What---what avail thy parts, or manly grace?
 All---all lie buried in the grave's embrace.
 Poor were the hopes of those of human kind,
 Who with each social virtue store the mind,
 If the reward of all their virtuous plan,
 Was hop'd for only at the hands of *man*.
 No, dearest friend! each great, each gracious deed,
 Which to perform thy bosom had decreed,
 Is deem'd perform'd, in full, and ev'ry part,
 By him who views each movement of the heart.
 Whilst others with thy ample talents blest,
 Nurs'd restless, poisonous passions in their breast,
 How calm thy soul! how free from mental foes!
 How firmly steady in fair virtue's cause!
 How private hast thou trod this earthly scene!
 But ah! how glorious has thy exit been!
Some have for knowledge gain'd a greater name,
And some outstripp'd thee in the lists of fame,

But

*But 'midst the human groupe none e'er was found,
With kindness, innocence so richly crown'd.*



→ ELEGIAC PASTORAL,

On the DEATH of the Right Honourable the
DUCHESS of QUEENSBURY.

SENEXIS and FIDELIA.

FAIR Fidelia, tell me why
That tear stands trembling in thine eye?
And why that melancholy air,
That speaks distress and dull despair?
Has the fell, prowling wolf of prey
Snatch'd some poor, trembling kid away?
Or does young Colin of the plain
Treat his Fidelia with disdain?

F I D E L I A.

No wolf has my poor kids betray'd;
They safely brouze beneath yon shade.
Nor does young Colin of the plain,
Treat his Fidelia with disdain.

Acuter

Acuter griefs my soul oppress,
 And tear my bosom with distress.
 Yon solemn sound that distant knells,
 The source of all my sorrow tells.
 The much-lov'd QUEENSBURY'S no more!
 Her loss I weep, her death deplore.
 For her these silent sorrows flow ;
 For her this bosom heaves with woe.

S E N E X I S.

Ah me! —that much lov'd matron dead
 Then Virtue's self to Heaven is fled.
 What eye but must its tribute pay ?
 What tongue but speak the dirgeful lay ?
 What heart struck with the dire event,
 But must lov'd QUEENSBURY lament ?
 She lov'd the Poet's pleasing lay,
 Was gentle to the gentle Gay.*
 She was the glory of these plains,
 The Idol of our nymphs and swains.
 She could her voice in airs prolong,
 Sweeter than Philomela's song.

Her

* The Duchess of Queensbury, at her own expence, erected a Monument in Westminster Abby to the Memory of Mr. Gay.

Her breath was sweet as morn of May,
 Her eye bright as the solar ray.
 Of features just, of graceful mein,
 She was the glory of the green.

F I D E L I A.

But ah ! each grace, each charm is fled ;
 The much-mourn'd QUEENSBURY lies dead !

S E N E X I S.

What though her mental part's no more,
 Yet cease, Fidelia, to deplore ;
 Her virtues, charity and love,
 Shall waft her to the realms above :
 Shall place, amidst heav'n's host on high,
 Her spirit in its kindred sky.



Schacabac:



Schacabac: or Eastern Complaisance.
An Arabian Tale.

From the Guardian.—Vol. II. No. 162.

*Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos
hominum et ad usus suos adjungere.*

CICER.

TWICE had the sun embrac'd the western flood,
Since Schacabac had shar'd the sweets of food,
He now approach'd, impell'd by hunger's goad,
A noble Persian *Barmecide's* abode.
The Barmecide was of a bounteous mind,
But much to humurous merriment inclin'd.
Spread was the board which promis'd to afford
A rich repast for its facetious Lord.
When he had heard poor Schacabac's complaint,
"Approach (he cry'd) and feed without restraint."
He then presents a plate unstor'd with food,
And kindly hop'd that the Rice-soup was good.

His

His guest (a man of wit, resolv'd to bear
His humourous whims) cry'd "gods! what luscious
fare!"

Then like his Patron, lifted to his head
The empty spoon, and rich in fancy fed.
The courteous Host now tantalizing cry'd,
"With bread thus white was monarch e'er supply'd?"
Poor Schacabac, who bread nor meat could spy,
Extoll'd the bread in raptures to the sky:
I do protest, he cry'd, tis passing sweet,
Else should I eager, and thus hearty eat?
"You much oblige me, Sir—now let me beg—
"Pray let me help you to this Goose's leg"——
Schacabac reach'd his plate, in manners bound,
And on it *nought* receiv'd with thanks profound.
Whilst he regal'd on this aerial goose,
And prais'd the sauce with compliments profuse,
His Patron pray'd with an obliging air;
That he'd a corner of his stomach spare:
"A curious dish is yet to come (he said,)
"A roasted lamb on nuts Pistacho fed."
He then thus spoke to the attending cook,
"Let the roast lamb upon the table smoak!"

"This

" This is a dainty, (adds the pleasant host)
 " Which, save my own, no board could ever boast."
 Schacabac lick'd his lips, and vow'd and swore,
 That 'twas like nothing he'd e'er ate before.
 Others, nice dishes grac'd th' ideal treat,
 Which both prais'd high, of which both hugely eat.
 Last in the list of all this Phantom-fare,
 Lo! an *invisible* differt appear.
 Amidst the wild of sweets a Lozenge stood,
 Which shone to Schacabac the sov'reign good.
 This the kind founder of the feast declar'd
 Himself alone invented and prepar'd.
 The Bermecide now courteous chid his guest,
 With want of appetite to share the feast :
 " Such puny piddling work will never do ;
 " Why, you have next to nothing eat, I vow."
 His visitor (whose jaws with restless care
 Had long in fruitless motion chew'd the air)
 Quite tir'd, and vex'd at the fantastick treat,
 Declar'd one morsel more he could not eat :
 " Gorg'd to the chin, sweet Sir! I do protest ;
 " I beg, for heav'n's sake, let my jaws have rest."
 " Be't so then, cry'd the Barmicide ; the board
 " Shall be remov'd, and with fresh loading stor'd.

The

“ The grape’s sweet produce shall its joys impart,
“ Smile in thine eye, and wanton in thine heart.
“ With my choice wines, I may with truth declare,
“ No vintage in all Persia can compare.”

He seiz’d an empty bottle by the breech,
And *fill’d* their glassses with a bumper each.
Schacabac gladly would have flinch’d his glass,
Which in brisk circlings now began to pass,
Alledging that, when heated with the bowl,
He was of strange, unsocial, captious soul,
The Barmecide held all excuses vain :
Refill’d a brimmer : fill’d, and fill’d again :
With wines of various vintage ply’d his guest,
Who prais’d their colour much---but more their
taste.

Schacabac now, the comic scene to close,
Feign’d himself fluster’d with the potent dose :
In frantic mood his hand rais’d high in air,
And roundly flapp’d his patron on the ear,
Then instant cry’d, ‘ What have my stars de-
creed ?

‘ Pardon, oh! pardon this most daring deed !
‘ Did I not caution what a captious soul
‘ I shar’d, when heated with the flowing bowl ?’

Resentment

Resentment none the Barmicide exprefs'd,
But with applauding smiles extoll'd his gueſt :

‘ Thou art a man of humour, cry’d the lord,
‘ Fit to partake the bounties of my board.
‘ Since thou haſt thus enjoy’d my *empty* treat,
‘ Thou ſhalt in *earnest* at my table eat.”

He then commanded, ‘ Slaves, attendants, hear !

‘ Let now my ſupper in *true ſhape* appear !

His duteous ſlaves obey their lord’s command,

And with rich dainties now before him ſtand :

Serve up the diſhes which were nam’d in jeſt,

And luſcious Perſian wines prolong the feaſt.

Thus *Schacabac* enjoy’d the *real* treat,
Which he before had in *idea* eat.



EPITAPH on a LAWYER.

HERE lies---good reaſon that he ſhould---

A man that never did much good.

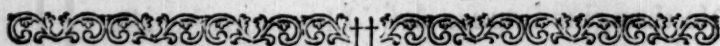
He was a Barrifter, d’y’ſee !

And from both ſides oft took a fee.

L

His

His tongue was with persuasion oil'd;
 His client's cause was never foil'd.
Cases in point he had by rote;
 He needed neither book, nor note.
 He could make out, as clear as light,
 That *white* was *black*, and *black* was *white*;
 And, by like arguments, well-strung,
 That *wrong* was *right*; and *right* was *wrong*.
 At last—for Lawyers, friend, must pack—
 Death clapp'd an action on his back:
 Confin'd him here; and *here* he lies,
 To wait the final, grand assize.
 How he'll then plead his rotten cause,
 HE that knows all things, only knows.



EPITAPH on a BUM-BAILIFF.

CLOSE-cag'd here a Bum-bailiff lies,
 Without bail, and without main-prise.
 An active member of the law
 He was: to freedom a fell foe.
 As others take, he never took
 Men's hands; for he their shoulders shook.
'Gainst

'Gainst him at last *Fate* issued out
His writ : Death was to execute.
He came, and on the shoulder clapp'd him :
" My prisoner, friend !" and here entrapp'd him.



SANTAN BARSISA ;

From the Guardian.—Vol. II. page 148.

SANTAN BARSISA for an age had giv'n,
His soul to serve the just behests of heav'n :
Scarce from his grotto ventur'd e'er to stray,
Lest to temptation he might fall a prey.
By day he fasts, by night his God address ;
No thoughts impure defil'd his pious breast.
All, all around rever'd his holy ways,
And ev'ry tongue proclaim'd *Barsifa's* praise.
When a petition was to heav'n preferr'd,
Barsifa ask'd, and straight the pray'r was heard.
When sickness rag'd, or agonizing pain,
Barsifa pray'd, and all was health again.

The Daughter of the King (so heav'n ordain'd)
That (where *Barsifa* liv'd) in splendor reign'd,

With sickness droop'd ; her cheeks' fair roses fade,
And ev'ry beauty ev'ry charm decay'd.
Maugre all aid the skill'd Physicians bring,
Disease's winter nipp'd her blooming spring.
Her royal Father's heart with anguish heav'd,
For much he lov'd, and much, of course, he griev'd.
Finding all human efforts prov'd in vain,
And that no med'cines would remove her pain,
The King declar'd it was his good intent,
She should be forthwith to the Santan sent.
The Beys applauded what the King had said,
And the fair Princess to the Santan led.
Barfisa gaz'd with rapturous delight,
And his cold bosom kindled at the sight.
Satan th' occasion seiz'd, and " Oh ! (he cries)
" Seize, seize, *Barfisa*, seize the beauteous prize ;
" Embrace the offer of this happy hour,
" And grasp the heav'n that's now within thy pow'r:
" Tell the King's servants that compose her train,
" 'Tis fit the Princess should this night remain
" Here in the Grott', that thou may'st heav'n im-
plore
" T' appease her pains, & hop'd-for health restore ;
" And

" And when to-morrow's sun shall gild the glade,
 " Let them return, and fetch the royal maid."
 How weak is man! his best resolves how frail!
 Satan's curs'd councils o'er the saint prevail.
 Yet, ere they left their beauteous charge behind,
 One was dispatch'd to learn their monarch's mind.
 ' Let her remain, (her royal fire reply'd)
 ' The Santan's holy and I'm satisfy'd."

They leave the Princess at the King's command;
 And now thick darkness shadow'd all the land.
 Satan again appear'd, and, whispering, cries,
 " Seize, seize, O-Santan! seize this beauteous prize:
 " Embrace the offer of this happy hour,
 " And grasp the heav'n that's now within thy pow'r.
 " Dare she declare the deed? her shame reveal?
 " Each ear shall hold it as an idle tale.
 " All, all around revere thy holy name,
 " Nor shall a tongue e'en hint a thought of blame.
 " Let the flame blaze that's kindled in thy breast;
 " Raptures await thee; snatch them, and be blest!"

Th' unhappy Santan listen'd to the foe:
 Embrac'd the council, and his future woe:

Approach'd, and clasp'd the Princess in his arms,
 And dwelt with joy tumultuous on her charms,
 And in a moment, spite of all her tears,
 Cancell'd a virtue of an hundred years.

Doubts now, and dire dismays by day, and night
 Surround the Santan, and his soul affright ;

• Satan, (he cry'd) thou man's insidious foe,
 ' At length hast sunk me in a sea of woe :
 ' Vanquish'd my virtue, vilify'd my blood,
 ' Tho' for an age I all thy arts withstood !"
 " Dost thou reproach me (was the Devil's reply)
 " Me that has gain'd thee such sweet, rapturous joy!
 " Thou may'st repent ; but oh ! unhappy case !
 " The maid is pregnant by thy close embrace.
 " Through all the land shall fly the tale of shame,
 " And ev'ry tongue shall curse *Barfisa's* name ;
 And, to fill up the measure of thy woe,
 Thy life shall fall a forfeit to the law.

These words shot terror through the Hermit's
 heart ;

Of future hell he felt the mental smart.

• Whither, oh ! whither, whither shall I fly,
 • To hide th' opprobrious crime from human eye?"

Th'

Th' apostate foe with promptness thus reply'd,
 " Thou must fresh sin commit, the old to hide,
 " Murder the Princess; and with secret pains
 " Deep in the grotto bury her remains;
 " And when to-morrow the King's servants come,
 " To seek the Princess, and conduct her home,
 " Say that this morn, at early dawn of day,
 " To health restor'd, she homeward bent her way.
 " Long shall they search to find the royal fair,
 " To ev'ry city, ev'ry town repair;
 " Long shall her father for her loss bemoan,
 " His bosom long emit the plaintive groan;
 " At last, when ev'ry toil has prov'd in vain,
 " The search shall cease, time mitigate his pain.

The Santan, deaf (now) to the voice of heav'n,
 Adopts the councils which Hell's Chief had giv'n:
 Murders the Princess, and with secret pains
 Deep in the grotto buries her remains.

Next morn arriv'd, when the King's servants came,
 Enter the grotto, and the Princess claim.

' This morn, (the Santan cries) at dawn of day
 ' To health restor'd, she homeward bent her way.'
 They

They search'd through all the city, all the plain ;
 Long, long they search'd, but all their search was
 vain,

At last, despairing of success, they ceas'd ;
 When Satan thus the anxious train address'd :

“ Ne'er more expect the Princess to behold ;
 “ With the pale dead her name is now enroll'd ;
 “ The lustful Santan, in the midnight shade,
 “ First forc'd her virtue, than her life betray'd ;
 “ And to conceal the crime from human eyes,
 “ Deep in the grott' the mangled body lies.”

Strait to the place the officers repair'd,
 And found the body where the Dev'l declar'd.
 They seiz'd the Santan, and immediate bring
 Him, and the mangled Princess to the King,

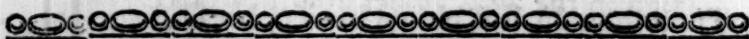
When the King view'd his daughter cold and pale,
 And heard, appall'd, the execrable tale,
 He wept in anguish, and in piteous tone
 Heav'd many a doleful, heart-distressing groan.
 And now he will'd the doctors should repair,
 To hear the case, and judgement to declare.
 They came, and with accordant voice decreed :
 Death, death awaits him for the impious deed !

High

High in the air a gibbet now they place
On which Barfisa must his fate embrace.

He now the ladder mounts in pale affright,
His foul in act to wing its mystic flight,
When the arch-fiend approach'd the Santan's side,
And, bent on full damnation, thus he cry'd ;
“ To me, O Santan ! bend the suppliant knee,
“ And from impending fate I'll set thee free :
“ Far hence transport thee, where, as heretofore,
“ Men shall thy virtues, and thy name adore.”
“ Content, (the Santan cry'd) set, set me free,
“ And to thy name I'll bend the suppliant knee.”
“ But ere I snatch thee from surrounding woe,
“ Thou must a sign of adoration shew.”
The Hermit bow'd his head, and thus reply'd ;
“ Myself I give thee ;—now be satisfy'd.”
“ I am, (the Devil rejoin'd) my doubts are clear'd ;”
Spit in the Santan's face, and disappear'd.
The Santan sigh'd ; but ah ! he sigh'd too late ;
He instant swung into the arms of fate.

ODE



ODE to GRATITUDE.

YES! Gratitude, thou heav'n-born guest,
Whose pleasing pow'r pervades my breast,
For *aids*, for *friendships* to me shewn,
I prostrate bend before thy throne.
Oh! let me fly with anxious haste,
Thy soft, thy cheering charms to taste;
Oh! let me, in unfeigned lays,
Attune my tongue to sing thy praise.
When hoary age implores for aid,
And pity to the pray'r is paid,
'Tis thou, dear Gratitude, 'tis thou,
Giv'st to the deed the blessing due.
When weeping widows, wrung with grief,
From gen'rous minds receive relief,
'Tis thou direct'st their hands to rise,
In pious posture tow'rd the skies.
When, sick'ning on the couch of woe,
Life's streams in languid measures flow;
'Tis thou, when hop'd-for health appears,
Bedew'st the cheek with pious tears.

Thou

Thou shouldst still bloom in ev'ry breast,
In ev'ry station stand confest ;
Alike to peafants, and to kings,
Its ownreward thy prefence brings.



A Loyal S O N G.

I.

ROUSE ! rouse, ye brave Britons, no longer
delay ;

Approve yourselves Lords of the waves ;
Shall Frenchmen e'er boast the domain of the sea ?
Shall freemen be frighten'd by slaves ?

II.

“ No---ne'er (cries Britannia, and brandish'd her
shield)

“ Shall my sons such disgrace undergo ;

“ To dastardly Frenchmen they never shall yield ;

“ Arm, Britons ! face, conquer the foe !

“ Sir

III.

- “ *Sir Monsieur* has vaunted, and vainly declar’d,
 “ He’ll ride the sole sov’reign at sea,
 “ And Spain to assist the false foe is prepar’d;
 “ By my shield, sons! it never shall be!

IV.

- “ Let the trophies of victory, laurels of fame,
 “ My *Edwards* and *Henries* have gain’d,
 “ The breast of each Briton with glory enflame;
 “ Shall my sons with dishonour be stain’d?

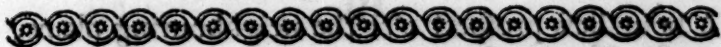
V.

- “ Go—mount yon brave Bulwarks that float on
 the main,
 “ Heart of Oak are their sides, and my sons,
 “ Steer your course to the coasts of false France
 and proud Spain,
 “ Hurl death from the mouths of your guns.

VI.

- “ Go—knock at their gates, and thus boldly declare:
 “ We’ll reign the sole Lords of the Waves,
 “ We’ll sap, sack and burn, blow your fleets in the
 air,
 “ For Britain’s a match for a million of slaves!

To



To a Painter on his having drawn a
most excellent Venus.

WELL hast thou, artist, Love's soft queen
pourtay'd,
Each beauty painted, and each grace display'd ;
Yet something's wanting—something which I'll
shew ;
Let R-b--n *fit*, and ten-fold grace shall glow.



The SUMMER-HOUSE.*

ATTEMPT, my Muse, in unambitious strains,
To paint the pleasing prospects of these plains,
Where art and nature lend their mutual aid,
To rear the fabric, or to form the shade,
Where rivers run, woods wave, and structures rise,
To treat the eye with transport and surprize ;
Where

* A stately Building in the Neighbourhood of *Moor-house*,
erected by Jeremiah Watton, Esq.

Where yon gay green's flow-rising summit gains
A boundless prospect o'er the neighbouring plains,
A stately structure plann'd by *Watson*, stands,
Watson, lov'd lord of all these fertile lands ;
Watson, whom tenants, and whom all adore ;
Can mighty monarchs e'er aspire to more ?
Eight equilateral sides the dome displays,
Which beam refulgent in the solar blaze.
Gracefully gay, it speaks, in ev'ry part,
Alike the planner's, and the builder's art ;
But, chief, the prospects which its height commands,

Excite description at the Poet's hands.

Beneath the eye fair * Martin-tarn is seen,
Whose placid waves steal gently to the green,
O'er whose unruffled mirror oft-times fly
The clouds, and winged wanderers of the sky ;
Upon whose banks trees spread their verdant pride,
And seem to float upon the lucid tide ;
Beneath their shade the stranger treads secure,
And, fann'd by breezes, shuns the sultry hour.

Here

* An extensive Piece of Water.

Here let me oft direct my devious way,
 And, 'neath yon harbour negligently stray.
 On thee, friend *Nathan*! let me oft prevail,
 To launch thy boat, and round the lake to sail:
 To cast the anchor, where thy skill shall say,
 And with our tackling tempt the finny prey.
 The sea-green Pike shall oft become our prize,
 And prickly Perch a panting sacrifice.

Raise now, and cast thine eye along the plain,
 Crown'd with rich meads, and crops of golden grain.
 Extensive view! tho' oceans intervene!
 Till Criffel's cloud-girt head concludes the scene.

View, next the North; o'er *Solway* stretch thine
 eye,
 Where Caledonia's ancient limits lie;
 Hills beyond hills here still stupendous rise,
 Till the blue ether farther ken denies.

Send now thine eye adown the Eastern vale,
 Where plenty smiles, and pleasing views prevail,
 Where woods and lawns, and cots the scene com-
 pose,
 Till the *Northumbrian* hills the prospect close.

Nor

Nor must the Southern scene unsung remain,
 Whose beauties flourish o'er th' extensive plain;
 Fair fields, parks, pastures, flocks and herds appear,
 'Till awful * Skiddow stops the eye's career.

* The highest Mountain in Cumberland.

A C A T C H,

Sung at a Court held in honour of Jeremiah Wat-
 son, Esq. Lord of the Manor of Moor-House.

BRAVE hearts, to this health let a bumper go
 round,

May our *Lord* still with plenty and pleasure be
 crown'd!

May he still rule the roast both at bed and at board,
 And long of these lands may he be the lov'd lord!

Next (fill up your glasses) success to the plow!

May we reap twenty-fold for each grain that we
 sow,

May

May our fields still prove fertile, our partners
prove kind!

Then a fig for the rest! we'll cast care to the wind.

To the King let the next flowing bumper fly round,
May his fleets and his armies with conquest be
crown'd!

May he lower the *land-tax*!---that---that were the
thing,

Would make us sing merrily, "God save the King."



The Tragic Effects of Love,

Instanced in the unfortunate, though real, Amour
of two Negroes, Slaves to a Gentleman in the
West-Indies.

BLESS'D with abundance, and with fortune's
smiles,

Mercator flourish'd in yon *Western Isles*.

Large were his lands; of slaves a num'rous band,
Own'd him their lord, and crouch'd at his com-
mand.

M

Amongst

Amongst the rest a female slave was found,
 With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry beauty crown'd—
 (For to the sons of Afric's sooty race,
 What might to us seem blemish, seems a grace)
 Two Negroe youths fell to *Mercator's* share,
 In persons comely, and of virtues rare.
 What pleas'd the one, the other still approv'd,
 They liv'd like brothers, and like brothers lov'd.
 It chanc'd (unhappy source of all their woe!)
 That love (from love what mighty mis'ries flow!)
 Touch'd both their bosoms with its soft alarms,
 Each saw, each felt their captive partner's charms.
 The rival lovers equally she lov'd;
 Her artless heart each equally approv'd;
 And could themselves have nam'd the happy man,
 She straight with pleasure had embrac'd the plan;
 But (ah! could love e'er yet a rival bear?)
 Neither could think to quit the favourite fair.
 Yet, such the friendship which their bosom's fir'd,
 Neither, by stealth, the beauteous prize desir'd.
 Friendship and love by turns their hearts assail'd,
 But tho' love prompted, friendship still prevail'd;
 Prisoners of love, twin-brothers of despair,
 They sigh'd their sorrows to th' unaiding air.

All,

All, all around were conscious of their state,
And all alike deplor'd their hapless fate.

And now, O mournful Muse, proceed to shew,
The truthful tale of melancholy woe.
One morn the lovers fought the lonely grove,
And with them went the object of their love.
They groan'd; their bosoms heav'd with wild despair,
And their loud lamentations fill'd the air;
Then (Muse, in tears the piteous tale impart)
They plung'd their daggers in the virgin's heart;
She sigh'd, she groan'd, fell prostrate on the ground,
And her soul hurried through the purple wound.

Now view them mourning o'er the fair one's
fate;

Love, grief, and friendship on their visage fate.
They roll'd the anguish'd eye, sigh'd deep despair,
Bent down, and oft-times kiss'd the lifeless fair;
Then, to wind up the solemn scene of woe,
Each rais'd his hand, each struck the fatal blow:
Each, falling, cry'd, "for her, for her I die!"
Their souls pursu'd her to some unknown sky.



ODE to SLEEP.

SLEEP! To thee I tune my lay,
Calmer of the noisy day ;

Thou ! whose balm-bestowing hand,
Shedst sweet comforts o'er the land.

Stretch'd beneath thy healing reign,
Rest the toilers of the plain ;
Slaves forget their clanking chains,
Sighing lovers all their pains.

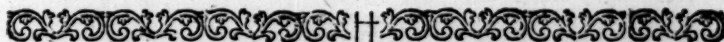
Now the warblers of the groves,
Cease their sonnets, cease their loves,
Clinging to the tottering spray,
Dream the songs shall wake the day.

Cattle now their eye-lids close,
'Taste the sweets of sound repose ;
Happy ! if they view in dreams,
Flowery pastures, flowing streams.

Forests,

Forests, on the mountain's brow,
Hang tremendous to the view,
Nodding, awful, high in air,
Seem the gen'ral rest to share,

Air's gossip, from her empty cell,
Not one story now can tell;
Not a whisper, not a strain,
Can she catch o'er all the plain.



The LOTTERY.

ASSIST me ye Stock-jobbers, Brokers, and
Jews!

(My strains stand no need of the aid of the Muse)

Assist me whilst I of the *Lottery* sing,

The *Lott'ry*, of profits, and pleasures the spring.

Oh, Britons thrice blest! when for paltry ten pound,

A man may with bright *twenty thousand* be crown'd;

May horses as good, and as grand keep his w---e,

As his Grace, or his Lordship could wish to pro-
cure.

166 A COLLECTION of

Poor *Crispin* the cobbler, who sings in his stall,
 The *Babes in the wood*, or *Ye merry-men all* !
 By the dint of his awl has a ticket procur'd,
 By the dint of a fix-pence his ticket insur'd,
 " A curse on this cobling ! I'll leave off the trade ;
 " Fly hence, awl and apron !---my fortune is made.
 " *Two maids in one night* ! I'll have fix by my strap !
 " Let each bring a pox, or let each bring a clap ;
 For bright *twenty thousand* may tightly afford,
 To drink, and to game, and to w---e like a *Lord*.

Young *Molly* the cook-maid, with fire in her eyes,
Purtests she'll put in for the principal prize :
 Is *positive sure* that the scheme must be right,
 For she dreamt of the *whole twenty thousand* last
 night ;
 So pawns gown and stays : " I'll my fortune not
 bilk ;
 " Henceforth I shall need nought save fattins and
 filk.
 " Now for courts, and for concerts, plays, op'ras,
 and balls,
 " For patch, paint, and laces, flounce, feathers
 and shawls !

" My

“ My coach !—the sweet found !—my fix footmen,
how gay !

“ Tom ! tell Kit the coachman to drive to the
play !”

Thus two are made happy ; for this is my creed,

“ Who thinks he possessees, possessees indeed.”

Let's now to the end of the chapter explore ;
(A couple of proofs are as good as a score)
The cook quits her kitchen, the cobbler his stall,
To hear their good fortune proclaim'd in the *Hall*.
Number Thirty thousand, three hundred and nine---
Blank !----Look to the cook-maid----she faints----

“ Oh, tis mine !”

Number Sixty thousand, six hundred and three---
Blank !—“ Zounds ! that belongs (cries the cobbler)
to me !”

Must the Muse yet proceed ?---Yes ; let her relate,
The blessings that flow from these Lott'ries of State ;
The cook to her five-story garret retires,
And,---“ How can I live !” in her garters expires.
The cobbler cries, “ Life is not *now* worth a groat !”
Whets his knife, and with vigour applies't to his
throat,

The



The ASS and the BLACKBIRD.
A Fable.

WITH what strange promptness can mankind
Faults in their fellow-creatures find?

Detraction's squinting, jaundic'd eye,
Will, where they are not, errors spy.
Thus much advanc'd, let's onward move,
And, fable-wise, th' assertion prove.

An Ass, one day, beneath the shade,
Supine, in lazy mood was laid.
He was an Ass of envious mind,
To foul detraction much inclin'd;
An empty self-conceited elf,
Whose thoughts still center'd in himself.

A Blackbird, on a tree above,
Attun'd his throat to strains of love,
His notes, no doubt, were sweet and strong,
Love prompted, love inspir'd his song;
For, in the brake below, his mate,

To

To hatch her callow offspring fate.
 The As attended to the strain,
 And envy boil'd through ev'ry vein.
 He shook his ears, and rais'd his head,
 And scowling upwards, thus he said ;
 " Cease, noisy creature ! cease thy lay,
 " Cease to disturb my rest, I pray,
 " Thy strains are execrable stuff ;
 " For heav'n's sake, cease !---we've had enough.
 " Couldst thou, like me, expand thy throat,
 " And sing in deep, sonorous note,
 " Each ear would then approve thy lays,
 " And in *Currants* dance forth thy praise.
 " Whene'er my music-pipes are tun'd,
 " Even horses skip, and scamper round ;
 " School-boys, and females, old and young,
 " Move in quick measure to my song."
 Needs must I own (the Blackbird vow'd)
 Thou art with pow'rful parts endow'd ;
 But hark thee, friend !---a word, I pray---
Fear makes them dance---they *run away*.

The



The Hedge-hog, and the Squirrel.

A Fable.

HOW oft appearances delude
The rash, unweighing Multitude !
How oft do men, tho' falsely, fix
Bliss in a *crown*, or *coach-and-six* ?
These that on Fortune's summit stand,
Possess'd of all that's great and grand,
Should wary look, should wary tread,
Lest Envy's arrows pierce them dead.
The moral this ; —let's onward move,
And, what's advanc'd, by Fable prove.

As through the woods an Hedge-hog stray'd,
A Squirrel he by chance survey'd,
And view'd, with an admiring eye,
His deeds of deft dexterity.
From tree to tree, from bough to bough,
As if endow'd with wings he flew.
Now sat he on an hazzle tree,
Regaling on brown nuts with glee ;

From

From hence, with an elastic hop,
He'd gain an Oak's umbrageous top,
And, high exalted in the air,
Liv'd luscious : acrons were his fare.

All this the Hedge-hog, envying, saw,
And in these words express'd his woe ;
“ Why, partial Nature ! why thus grace
“ Above *our* kind the *Squirrel* race ?
“ Why is it giv'n to them——declare !
“ The oak's and hazzle's fruits to share,
“ Whilst we poor Hedge-hogs still are found,
“ To creep, ignoble, on the ground,
“ To budge o'er bog, o'er marsh, o'er mead,
“ And on vile worms and snails to feed ?”

The Hedge-hog scarce had ceas'd, when lo !
A youth mov'd forward soft and slow,
With gun in hand, and game in eye,
Sworn foe to all that peck on high.
Each tree with look intent he ey'd,
And presently the Squirrel spy'd ;
His tube he levell'd ; fatal blast !
The Squirrel fell, bled, breath'd his last.

The

The Hedge-hog utter'd this reply :

“ These are the fruits to move on high !”



To a Friend, who asked the Author to
lend him Five Pounds.

FIVE POUNDS !—alas I much lament,
To find my friend *non compos ment.*

For who of sober sense, and sound,

Would of a Poet crave Five Pound ?

What way-ward Planet wast thou under,

To make such an egregious blunder,

To think that Poets cram their purses

With cash, as fast as they coin verses ?

Think'st thou that I can then abound,

To spare the sum of *full five pound* ?

Ah ! thou kens not the ills that follow,

The Votaries of bright *Apollo* ;

For, tho' their heads with rhymes o'erflow,

Their purses, oft, are plaguy low ;

Witness !—see here !—my full told store---

One, two,---three Shillings !---troth, no more.

ROGER



ROGER made Happy.

A Pastoral in the Cumberland Dialect.

ONE summer morn, at early peep of day,
Ere yet the birds had left the dewy spray,
A faithful couple fought the darksome grove,
And thus, alternate, told their artless love.

R O G E R.

Mun I still sigh, and luik with a sad feace?
Will Susan never pity my peer kease?
Mun I still grean, and hing my heartless head,
And luik like yen just risen frae the dead?
Wulta' still wear a heart sae hard, my luive?
Can sighs ne'er soffent, nor compleenins muive?
Alais! my faul is sadly out of tune!
Thy seworn will fend me to the Kirk-garth fuin.

S U S A N.

What have I duine, by either word or deed,
To gar thee sigh, luik sad, or hing thy heed?

R O G E R.

R O G E R.

Ah ! mun I tell thee, what thou kens our weel,
 The slights I suffer, and the pangs I feel ?
 Have I not follow'd thee four years or mair,
 In hopes thy favour and thy love to share ?
 Treated at fairs with ale, and shwort keakes tee ?
 The keakes thou lik'd, but ah ! thou likes not me.
 When oft I clapp'd, and strwoak'd thy cheeks fae
 reed,
 Thou fidgt, and cry'd, " Thou's not strwoak me
 indeed !"

When but last night thou smil'd on flavrin *Jack* ;---
 I saw, and heard (our weel !) each hearty smack.
 This is the cause that makes — how fud it fail ?
 My heart fae heartless, and my cheek fae pale.

S U S A N.

Thou wrangs me, Roger ; wrangs thy Susan still ;
Jack kifs'd me unawares, agein my will.
 If I did smile, 'twas not the smile of luive ;
 For ninne but Roger can my heart approve.

R O G E R.

Is this a dream to drown peer Roger's care ?
 If fae, wad I may never woken maar !

Is

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 175

Is I awake?---it, fere, can never be——

S U S A N.

Thy een are oppen-- and nae doubt, they see.

R O G E R.

Nay then I'fe blift; I now believe my ears,
And to the winds keft o' my fuilish fears.
Nae maar of greans, nae maar of greaves I'll tell;
Roger is richer than King George himsell.
Thus let me clasp thee---kifs thee thus till death-----

S U S A N.

-----Stop---stop, dear Roger!-----or thou'lt stop my
breath-----

R O G E R.

Thy lips are sweeter, sweeter far, I vow,
Than honey made frae sweetest flowers that grow.
Honey fuin surfeits: maks a body seek;
But I could feast on thur sweat lips——a week.

S U S A N.

I'll seavethem for thee then; ninne else shall share;
But oh! neer leave them for a sweeter pair.

R O G E R.

R O G E R.

A sweeter pair !---that cannot, cannot be ;
 A sweeter pair were never smack'd by me.
 Sooner shall leaves in spring forget to sprout ;
 Sooner shall cats in *Cawdaw* dive for trout ;
 Sooner shall gluttons run away frae meat ;
 Sooner shall hounds and hairs in friendship meet ;
 Thur may, but it can never come to pass,
 That I should leave thee for another las.

S U S A N.

Sooner shall milk drop frae our Crummy's horns ;
 Sooner shall apples grow on prickly thorns ;
 Sooner shall urchins bang swift hares in race,
 Or *Skiddow-fell* come skipping to this place ;
 Thur things may happen, but it never can,
 That I should leave thee for another man.

R O G E R.

Bless on that tongue !---but luik, my Sufan, luik !
 Old *Esther's* Chimley has begun to smuik.

A hasty kifs now seal'd their faithful vows
 Roger the scythe, and Sufan fought the cows.



Ode to Competency.

SWEET Competency ! guide to bliss,
 Thou pleasing aid to happiness,
 Why, why for ever thus evade my arms ?
 Must I still unregarded sigh,
 Still view thee with an envying eye,
 Yet ne'er embrace thy peace-inspiring charms ?

II.

Repos'd upon thy downy breast,
 Pale penury is sooth'd to rest,
 Nor feels the fears of want, or fortune's frown;
 Cheer'd by thy care-dispelling pow'r,
 That turns to joy the heartless hour,
 " The bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne."

III.

At thy approach each anxious care,
 " Mop'd melancholy," dull despair

N

Retire

Retire precipitate from the mental seat ;
 Light joys succeed the low'ring train ;
 Calm comfort rears her placid reign,
 And the soul's crown'd with happiness compleat ;

IV.

But, banish'd from thy aiding arms,
 The mind anticipates alarms,
 And in perspective views woe's pallid train,
 The heart emits the sorrowing sigh,
 Peace, joy, content affrighted fly,
 And pale despondency broods o'er the brain.

V.

Come then thou smiling, soothing guest,
 And lull my aching heart to rest ;
 Why still enroll me a dependant slave ?
 Let me adopt wife *Hagar's* pray'r,
 " Grant me nor wealth, nor want to share !"
 Thee, Competency ! thee, and only thee I crave.



ODE for CHRISTMAS-DAY.

I.

HARK ! sweet, celestial voices sing,
 “ This day is born the heav’nly king,
 The dear Redeemer of man’s sinful race ! ”
 Join---join, ye lands ! the joyous lay ;
 With adoration hail the day ;
 Fall prostrate, nations ! and implore his grace.

II.

No blazon’d dome, no downy bed,
 Protects the heav’n-sprung stranger’s head,
 No pompous pageātries his birth proclaim ;
 An humble manger is th’ abode
 Of Christ, the living son of God ;
 For ever hallow’d be his holy name !

III.

Spiritual hosts, in bright array,
 Still annual hail this holy day,

And shake heav'n's concave with Seraphic songs ;
 On golden harps each hand essays,
 To sing the sweet MESSIAH's praise,
 Jehovah's ample courts are heap'd with prostrate
 throngs.

IV.

Shall *we* then, finners, clods of clay,
 Keep silent on the solemn day,
 Which angels, and arch-angels glorying own ?
 Forbid it, grace ! but we should try
 To aid heav'n's concert in the sky,
 To sing the Saviour, JESUS ! God's eternal son.
 Hallelujah !



ODE to PITY.

I.

PITY ! meek-ey'd heav'nly maid,
 In robes of righteousness array'd,
 Borne on the wings of charity, descend !
 Firm on my heart erect thy reign,
 And gently glide through ev'ry vein,
 Oh ! seal my soul for sad affliction's friend !

Conduct

II.

Conduct me to the dusky cells,
Where captive misery, pining, dwells ;
There teach my heart to weep at others' woe ;
Give to my tongue the pow'r t'express
Sweet comfort to the comfortless,
And prompt my hand its pittance to bestow.

III.

Convey me to the house of pain,
Where raging sickness holds its reign,
Where agonizing griefs invade the sky ;
What tho' my skill can nought avail,
Yet oh ! may ardent pray'rs prevail !
My heart, at least, shall heave the pitying sigh.

IV.

Oh, lead me to the house of woe,
Where orphan'd tears fast streaming flow,
Where silent sorrows plead their pow'ful cause ;
Inspire my soul, by thy soft pow'r,
To sweeten sad affliction's hour,
To help the helpless, and assuage their woes.

V.

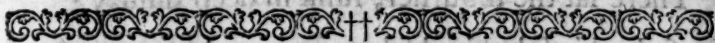
When ships, tofs'd on tumultuous seas,
 No more can stem the boisterous breeze,
 But sink, full-freighted, to the dark abyss;
 Then Pity! weep the dire distress,
 And thus the God of storms address:
 " May ship-wreck'd souls attain the port of bliss! "

VI.

Fly thoughts! across yon Western main,
 To where pale carnage heaps the plain;
 Attend me, Pity! to this vale of woe;
 Here piteous weep at ev'ry pore,
 O'er friends, o'er foes distain'd in gore—
 What eye can hold?—flow, pitying sorrows,
 flow!



The



The DEAD ASS.

From Mr. Yorick's Sentimental Journey through
France and Italy.—Vol. I. Page 69.

N A M P O N T.

—“A ND this poor pittance—*this* had
been thy share,

“Hadst thou yet liv'd to breathe the vital air”-----

Thus saying, to his wallet he convey'd

The poor remains of a poor crust of bread.

The grief-ton'd accents touch'd my heart with pain;

‘ His favourite son, sure, faints upon the plain!’

No favourite son the woe-fill'd stranger weeps ;

His As---his As---his As for ever sleeps.

That very As, which caus'd *La Fleur's* o'erthrow,

For him for him these plaintive accents flow.

Even thus (thought I) poor *Sancho Pancho*
griev'd,

When his dear *Dapple* was of breath bereav'd ;

But not thus feelingly his bosom heav'd.

There

There sat the mourner, sunk in deep dismay ;
 Close by his side his Afs's trappings lay.
 Oft times he took them up---as oft laid by :
 A languid look as oft sent to the sky.
 Again he touch'd them : shook his hoary head :
 " These were---but ah! my faithful beast lies dead!"
 Then from his bag the pittance poor he took :
 " This too---but ah, he's gone!" with such a look!
 Now on the bridle's bit the bread he lies :
 Now views th' arrangement ; views with wistful
 eyes ;
 And now his bosom heaves with retrospective
 fighs.

Led by his artless sorrows, crowds appear,
 To view the mourner, and his tale to hear ;
 The chaise my station : hence I plainly saw,
 And heard, and felt the well-told tale of woe.

" Last from proud Spain's grape-giving plains
 I come
 " To seek Franconia, my yet distant home.
 " Thus far arriv'd, when oh ! (he sighing cry'd)
 " My faithful Afs fell sick, and droop'd and dy'd."

Th'

Th' admiring croud in mute amazement stand,
 And act their pity with up-lifted hand;
 Then of the mourning stranger thus demand:
 "What heedful errand, bulky business, say!
 "Could lead thee, feeble, such a length of way?"
 "It pleas'd wife heav'n to bless my nuptial joys;
 "Heav'n, in its wisdom, gave three blooming boys.
 "Two of my sons the small-pox swept away;
 "The third beneath the fell infection lay.
 "Trembling lest he should share his brother's fate,
 "With solemn vows I thus the gods intreat:
 "Spare---spare this youth, this (now) my only
 care,
 "And to St. Jago straight will I repair,
 "To pour my soul in fervent, grateful pray'r."
 Grief choak'd his utterance: inwardly he bleeds;
 Tears freed the passage, and he thus proceeds:
 "Heav'n heard—heav'n ratify'd my humble pray'r;
 "My son surviv'd; now, healthful, breath'd the
 air.
 "My faithful Ass I saddled, and bestrode,
 "(Thou patient partner of the toilsome road)
 "Left my poor cottage, as in duty bound,
 "To seek St. Jago's far-fam'd, sacred ground.
 "Still

- “ Still when this bag supply’d its homely fare,
 “ Still my poor Afs partook an equal share.
 “ *He was unto me even as a friend —*
 “ But ah, he’s gone ! when will my sorrows end ?”

Each heart with pity heav’d. *La Fleur*, I saw,
 Presented money to assuage his woe.
 “ No, (cry’d the mourner) that can nought avail ;
 “ ’Tis not his *value*, but his *loss* I wail.
 “ My poor beast lov’d me, ’tis my firm belief ;
 “ ’Tis not in gold to wipe away my grief.”
 He then a long and artless tale relates,
 Of dire disasters, and untoward fates ;
 How that, amidst the Pyrenean ways,
 He lost, and fought his Afs for three long days :
 And that it was his firm and stedfast thought,
 That with like labour him the Afs had fought ;
 For when they met, he look’d so lank and lean,
 That, sure, since parting, he’d ne’er crop’d the green.
 ‘ Thou hast, my friend, one comfort left at least,
 ‘ Thou hast been kind, good, bounteous to thy
 beast.’

- “ I thought so once, kind Sir, (the man rejoin’d)
 “ But, now he’s dead, I’m of quite diff’rent mind.

“ My

" My own, I fear, and my afflictions' weight,
 " Have broke his heart and brought him to his
 fate ;
 " If so, to what a fize my sins amount !
 " His death, alas ! stands charg'd to my account,
 " Shame on the world ! (and upward cast mine eye)
 " Could we but half the sympathy descry,
 " In man to man, which this poor soul has shewn
 " For the dumb creature, that is dead, and gone,
 " It would be something." —



COSTARD'S COMPLAINT;

In the Cumberland Dialect.

WAES me! what's this that lugs fae at my
 heart,

And fills my breast with seck a dispert smart?

Can't be that thing cawt *luive*? — good folks,
 now tell !

And I've set down just how I find mysell.

When I've with *Nell*, my heart keeps such a rout,

It lowps---and lowps, as if it wad lowp out.

I've

I'fe apt to think----judge if my thoughts be reet---
 It fain wad fling 'tsell at sweet Nelly's feet.
 But when I'fe frae her---oh, it's fearfu' flat !
 My hand can hardlins find it gang, *pit, pat* !
 It's o' fae fare, it mun for fartin bleed ;
 It seems as heavy as a steane o' leed.
 My neighbours jeer me, and cry, " see, cocks-dogs !
 " Costard's reed heels are glourin ovr his clogs !"
 It's but ovr true, and I mun beide their flouts,
 For I've nae heart to darn--- or clap on clouts.
 Sleep has forsworn me, as thur eene can tell ;
 Or if I sleep, I dream of nought but *Nell*.
 A keam's grown quite a stranger to my heed, }
 My cheeks luik white, that us'd to luik fae reed, }
 Clwose but my een, and you wad swear I'fe deed. }
 If this be *luive*, nae spwort in't can I spy ;
 Good lword deliver us frae *luive* ! say I.
 I us'd to sing my sang, and crack my joke,
 And shake my sides at murth like other folk ;
 But I'fe fare chang'd frae what I us'd to be ;
 Luik i' my feace, and you may fairly see }
 I'fe nowther like to live, nor like to dee. }
 If I'fe not eas'd---and soon---of this ill pain,
 I'll burn my sonnets, and ne'er sing again.

The

The FAITHFUL PAIR.

A Pastoral, attempted in the Cumberland Dialect.

ONE summer's evening, when the sun was set,
Young Dick and Dolly by appointment met.
Beneath a hedge they squatted side by side,
When thus Dick spoke, and thus his Doll reply'd.

D I C K.

Let lwords and ladies prufs the downy feat,
And on fine carpets set their mincin feet;
I grudge them not their cushions soft—not I;
This ground seems softer when sweet Dolly's by.

D O L L Y.

Let other lasses shine in filken gowns,
And fix fause hair upo' their cockin crowns;
Seck fashions I'll ne'er follow while I'se whick,
Lang as plain Grogram, and thur locks please Dick.

D I C K.

'Till I kent thee, I never kent true blifs,
Never, dear Doll, I swear by this sweet kifs,

To

To fairs, and spworts, and murry-nights I've geane,
But like sweet Doll I never yet saw yen.

D O L L Y.

Thouf I'se but young—just sweet sixteen—no
more ;

I might have had sweethearts at least a scwore ;
But ninne amang them o' could please my ee,
'Till Dick I saw : right soon I fancied thee.

D I C K.

Blift Whufen tuefday ! best day in the year !
I, on that day, furst saw my Dolly dear.
My twea shwort keaks were war'd weel worth the
while ;

For Dolly took them : took them with a smile.

D O L L Y.

Thar keaks---thar filent keaks did maar for thee,
Than a week's wooing frae some tongues wad dee.
The teane I eat : the other carefu' laid,
Beneath my boufter when I went to bed.
I turn'd North, South, I turn'd me East and West,
And thus I cry'd, ere I crap to my nest :
“ May luky dreams laake round my head this night,
“ And shew my true-luive to my langing fight !”

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 19

I dream'd—cocks-fish ! as fere as I'fe here whick,
The leeve-lang night of nought but thee, my Dick.
And when I wokent---keaks have powerfu' charms--
I fand the bed claes---clwofe rowd in my arms---

D I C K.

And m'happen thought 'twas me---

D O L L Y.

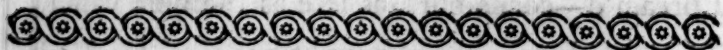
Nay that I'll keep ;
But never las, fere, had a sweeter sleep.

D I C K.

The cafe is a clear cafe ; I plainly see,
That Dick's ordain'd for Doll, and Doll for me.
Why fud we fanter ?---If my Doll thinks fit,
The nwote this varra mworning shall be writ,
And gien on Sunday to the Parish-clerk.
There ne'er comes luck of dilly-dallying wark.
Why filent, luive ? and why that blushing cheek ?
I hope 'tis right plain English that I speak.

D O L L Y.

Plain as a pike-staff---but what need I fay ?
I'fe ready---and have been this mony a day.



A LECTURE

To the Culprit on the Stool of Repentance, and to
the Rest of the Defaulters.

A Weel, guid hearers! are ye aw come ben?---
Best rin you owr, sync I shall better ken.
First, there's *Kate Thampson*---nay ne'er creel you
down---

Fou weel I ken you by your tartan gown.
Weel may you be asham'd to shaw your feace,
For, troth, I dreed, it's unco scant of greace.
It's na twa years yet sen you play'd the fool;
I gar'd you fit for't o' repentance stool;
And now I hear you're gawn the fame foul gate,
And that you're half-way geane to glimmin *Pate*.
Is't true or fause now Kate? fou fain I'd spear;
Appen your gab, and tell your minister!
---You wonna speak?---than I maun speak mysel:
It's true, I dread, as th' muckle Deel's in h--l.
Weel; sen your silence has your fault confest,
Of a bad bargain you maun mak the best.

I'fe

I'fe na be owr hard o' you honest Kate!
 (Our wife yence slippit i' this sliddry gate)
 When your time comes---as come it will I trow,
 Gie your bearn fook, and de as weel's you dow;
 Stap not it's breath, or I ken whare you'll lowe.

Neest, Wully Wullson's fire-red nwife I see;
 Weel a-waite Wully mon, how's aw we ye'?
 An unco stranger you i' this guide place;
 It's full twol weeks sen here you shaw'd your face.
 I need na speer, *whare been?* your dram-burnt
 nose,

And pluikey cheeks fou weel that truth disclose.
 Wa fie now, Wully mon, wa fie for them!
 Are sax lang days owr short to drink and drem?
 Refaare, at least, yen for a godly use;
 Let the seeventh see thee here i' thy auld buese;
 Or gif thou wonna---truth I needs maun tell---
 The Deel will gar thee drink het drinks in h--l.

Gif my auld een can gang that far areight,
 Yon's young *Gib Rackle* i' the gallry feat.
 ---Aye, aye tis him---wa wow! but Gib, my lad,
 You're unco spruce i' your braw spang-new plad.

O

Is't

Is't paid for, *Gib*?---for aw your muckle luiks,
 I dreed it stands uncrosst i' th' shapman's buiks.
 Fie, Gibbie, fie! afore I'd rin a trust,
 I'd water drink, and munch a mueldy crust.
 I hear foreby you're vilely gi'en to vice,
 To the Deel's buiks and bones, the cards and dice:
 And that whole nights you'll to the bag-pipes dance,
 In monkey-lowps, imported first frae *France*;
 But quat thur tricks, or than I'se read your doom,
 You'll dance at last i' the Deel's drawing-room.

---Wha's that fits ben? our worthy *Laird*,
 ifec! }

Excuse my glimmin' een's owr lang neglec'---
 'Tis their foul fault, not want of due respec'.

I'se unco glad again to see you out;
 You've lang laid up wi' that same weafu' gout.
 The gout, I trow, gif my auld skill be reight,
 Rins frae your thrapple quite down to your feet.
 Your owr fat flesh, and your high-leason'd sauce,
 Your teas, and trashments that gang down your
 awfe,

These are the things, as sure as you are whick,
 That cause you thus to hirple owr a stick.

With

With a whun parridge wad you break your fast,
 Your shanks wad then as lang's your body last.
 Sup guid sweet milk, kale, crowdy, and the like,
 And you'll be fit to lowp the highest dike.
 These the best staff for limbs, health's bluimin smile;
 Could I, ilk sabath, else walk sax scotch mile?
 —But whusht! I hear twol chappit o' the clock—
 Just a short pray'r, seyne I'll let loofe my flock.
 May what I've preach'd this day prove haalsome food,
 Stick to your hearts, and do your fauls much guid!
 ---Now to your croudies---I've nae maar to say;
 Guide Laird!* — I'fe take a bite wi' you the day.

* Rubbing his hands, and bowing to the Laird of the Manor.



M A R I A ;

From Mr. Yorick's Sentimental Journey through
 France and Italy.—Vol. II. Page 217.

M O U L I N E S.

YEARNING once more to view the drooping
 fair,

I quit the road, and to her cot repair.

O 2

On

On our approach the mother streight appears,
 Bending beneath the weight of woe and years.
 Her looks, without the aid of language, shew
 Her griefs, and mutely tell the tale of woe.
 Her husband was no more: the absent state
 Of poor Maria hasten'd on his fate:
 He pin'd in anguish o'er her piteous doom,
 And sunk at last in sorrow to the tomb.

“ Much had I fear'd, (the mournful mother said)
 “ His death had heap'd full woes upon my head:
 “ Plung'd poor Maria in yet darker night,
 “ And in her brain extinguish'd reason's light;
 “ But (thanks to heav'n!) this trying scene of grief,
 “ Has somewhat giv'n her malady relief;
 “ Yet still she's restless; at this moment strays,
 “ Or in the pathless fields, or public ways.”

Why does my pulse, whilst I the tale relate,
 In flow, and languid palpitations beat?
La Fleur, whose heart seem'd only form'd for joy,
 Why pass'd he twice his hand across his eye?

We left th' afflicted widow's dull abode,
 Pursued our journey and regain'd the road.

Whilst

Whilst Moulins now some half league distant stood,
 Where a path open'd to a neighbouring wood,
 I spy'd the drooping melancholy maid,
 Seated beneath a Poplar's spreading shade,
 Upon her lap her elbow was sustain'd;
 Her head within her hand she sideways lean'd.
 Close at her feet a brook meand'ring flows,
 Which, murmuring, seem'd to sympathize her woes.
 She was in dress of milk-white dye array'd,
 Not varying much from what my friend portray'd;
 Save that her locks now wanton'd in the wind,
 Which were before in silken net confin'd.
 A ribband green was o'er her shoulder strung,
 At which her pipe in graceful posture hung.
 Her goat had prov'd as faithless as her swain:
 Left its kind keeper, and fled o'er the plain.
 A little dog the false one's place supply'd,
 Trod in her steps, or trotted by her side.
 But, lest he too should from her presence sling,
 She led the favourite captive in a string.

Whilst I her dog with look attentive ey'd,
 "Thou shalt not leave me Sylvio," she cry'd.

Then drew him nearer; I could plainly spy,
 The glistening tear stand trembling in her eye,
 Nor goat nor faithless lover caus'd her woe;
 Her father's death—for him her sorrows flow.

Cloſe by the mourner's ſide I took my ſeat,
 And of rich ſorrow ſhar'd the luſcious treat:
 Wip'd off each grief which ſtarted from her eye;
 And then my own which flow'd in ſympathy.
 Thus whiſt by turns I did our tears away,
 Emotions ſtrange within my boſom play,
 Such as mere matter, and mere motion join'd,
 Could ne'er produce within the human mind.
 ' Peace! peace, materialiſts: no longer preach;
 ' I have a ſoul, theſe pow'rful pleaders teach.'

When now Maria's tears began to ceaſe,
 And her looks ſeem'd to ſpeak returning peace,
 I aſk'd, if yet it liv'd within her brain,
 That ſome two twelve months ſince here on the plain,
 A ſtranger of a pale, and meagre mein,
 Had fat beſide her on the flowery green?
 " Yes, (ſaid the maid) and though what you relate,
 " Chanc'd when I labour'd in unſettled ſtate,
 " Yet

- " Yet, for two reasons I th' event recall,
 " The stranger pity'd poor Maria's fall ;
 " And next my goat, which close beside him lay,
 " Wantonly stole his handkerchief away.
 " I chid the pilferer for th' audacious deed ;
 " On him these hands a just reward decreed.
 " I wash'd it in the brook (proceeds the maid)
 " And with all safety in my pocket laid,
 " Hoping its owner might, in future day,
 " Across these plains, perchance, direct his way ;
 " Resolving then, as honesty demands,
 " Safe to restore it to his friendly hands."
 With joyful haste she took it from her side ;
 Vine leaves enclos'd it, and a tendril ty'd.
 She now unbound and spread it on the green,
 Mark'd in one corner a plain S was seen.
 " Since that adventure, (graceful adds the maid)
 " These weary'd feet as far as Rome have stray'd :
 " Walk'd round St. Peter's ample, holy dome,
 " And brought me back here to my heartless home.
 " Without a guide to point the arduous way,
 " Across the lofty Apenines I stray :
 " Money-less roam through Lombardy's abodes,
 " And, bare-foot, tread rough Savoy's flinty roads.
 " How

" How I got struggled through these various woes,
 " Is more, in sooth, than poor Maria knows.
 " But God is gracious—pitifully kind!
 " To the shorn lamb *he tempers the chill wind.*"

' Shorn, shorn indeed! and to the quick, fair maid!
 ' And wast thou hence to my own land convey'd,
 ' My cottage should an asylum afford;
 ' Thou should'st partake the bounties of my board.
 ' Of my own bread thou should'st most welcome eat,
 ' Of my own cup should'st share the equal treat.
 ' Nor should the change thy *Sylvio* displease;
 ' He, for thy sake, should live at plenteous ease.
 ' Whene'er thy weakness prompted thee to roam,
 ' I'd watch thy steps, and gently soothe thee home.
 ' When the sun set, my pray'rs I'd fervent say;
 ' Thou on thy pipe thy evening song should'st play.
 ' Nor would the incense of my sacrifice
 ' Appear less pleasing in my Maker's eyes,
 ' For that it reach'd his high and holy throne,
 ' Attended by a heart-broke Maiden's moan."

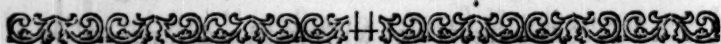
Whilst thus I strove to steal her from despair,
 My soul, in pity, melted o'er the fair,

Full,

Full, sympathizing griefs, unceasing, flow,
 And steep'd my handkerchief in honest woe.
 Of this Maria due observance took ;
 " Give me ! (she cry'd) I'll wash it in the brook."
 ' Where wilt thou dry it ?---say, my child, impart !'
 " Here in my breast---'twill ease my aching heart."
 ' And does thy heart yet with such warmth glow ?'
 I touch'd the string on which hung all her woe.
 In mute disorder, and with modest grace,
 Awhile she wistful look'd me in the face.
 Nor spake, but in her hand her pipe display'd,
 And her pure service to the virgin play'd.
 Her flutter'd spirits now grew more serene,
 She dropp'd her pipe, and rose from off the green,
 ' And whither, now, Maria, dost thou bend ?'
 " To Moulins." ' Thither I'll thy steps attend :
 ' Try, as we go, to soothe thy soul to rest,
 ' And calm the throbbings of thy beating breast.'
 Her arm in mine with graceful ease she join'd,
 And her mute comrade follow'd close behind.
 Thus we proceed along the public plain,
 And thus the centre of the town we gain.
 Long did my eyes upon Maria dwell,
 Took their last look, my tongue its last farewell.

' Adieu,

' Adieu, poor luckless maid ! imbibe the balm
 ' A stranger pours thy troubled soul to calm.
 ' The POWER, who twice has bruise'd thy bleeding
 heart,
 He only can the perfect cure impart.'



N I G H T.

NOW reigns the midnight hour ; o'er half the
 globe,

NIGHT, murky goddess ! spreads her sable robe :
 Lulls the laborious peasant to repose ;
 In dreams the captive now forgets his woes.
 Yet total darkness not enwraps the scene ;
 Kind Cynthia shines, Night's pale imperial queen !
 In " rayless majesty " enthron'd on high,
 She wheels her circuit through the vaulted sky.
 Numberless orbs in glittering order glow,
 And lend their influence to these lands below.
 Now solemn silence holds her awful reign,
 And not a whisper breathes through all the plain,

Save

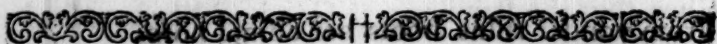
Save that the owl, with unmelodious throat,
 From yonder ruins hoots her dismal note.
 Men, beasts, and reptiles rest ; save those fell trains,
 Thirsting for blood, that nightly prowls the plains.
 Now to the sheep-folds ravenous wolves repair,
 And ruthless, seize the shepherd's bleating care.
 Now roam the " shaggy monsters " of the wood,
 Gore their own species, and regale on blood.
 Nor this their only prey ; in hapless hour,
 Man oft-times feels their fierce un pitying pow'r.

Oh, happy Albion ! oh, thrice happy swains !
 No wolves your herds, no wild beasts haunt your
 plains.
 You, and your flocks, undreading nightly foes,
 Taste the calm comforts of secure repose.

Praise then that power, whose kind, whose partial
 love,
 Has plac'd you here in Britain's blooming grove.



CUPID



CUPID and the FOWLER.

A Fable, from Hesiod.

A Youthful Fowler, in a leisure hour,
(He ne'er had felt Love's soft, bewitching
pow'r)

Eager from grove to grove pursu'd his way,
In hopes to fix the feather'd train his prey.
Whilst ev'ry tree intent the stripling ey'd,
Perch'd on a bough Love's winged god he spy'd.
Joy heav'd his breast; he spread his ev'ry snare,
Sighing the bulky, bright-wing'd prize to share.

In sportive mood the fluttering deity,
Flapp'd his fair wings, and fled from tree to tree;
Frustrated all the schemes the fowler spread,
And as he follow'd, still more distant fled.

At last the youth, despairing of his prey,
In pure vexation toss'd his toils away:
Sought the old shepherd in the neighbouring plains,
Who taught him first t' entrap the warbling trains.
When

When thus the stripling ; “ Good, old father, see !
 “ What glorious game fits perch’d on yonder tree.
 “ Long have I toil’d the goodly bird to gain,
 “ But all my arts, and all my toils are van.”

The aged shepherd shook his hoary head,
 Smil’d on the boy, and thus in answer said ;
 ‘ Quit the pursuit : Fly quick across the plain ;
 ‘ This bird will pierce thy breast with rankling
 pain.
 ‘ He is a forcerer ; his magic pow’r,
 ‘ Will through thy veins a poisonous tincture pour.
 ‘ Bless thy good stars, that have this day prevail’d ;
 ‘ Happy that all thy efforts thus have fail’d.
 ‘ Yet know, my son, that when with brisker flow,
 ‘ Thy blood shall glide, thy cheeks with manhood
 glow,
 ‘ This bird, which now evades thy arms by flight,
 ‘ Will then, spontaneous, on thy breast alight.’



The



The CONTEST. A Pastoral.

T H I R S I S.

WHILST here our flocks around in safety feed,
 Let us alternate tune the rustic reed,
 Each sing the fair that holds his heart in chains,
 And list'ning echo shall repeat the strains.

C O L I N.

Agreed. I first Cleora's charms will sing;
 Cleora! gentle as the genial spring.
 As Hebe youthful, and as Venus fair,
 No nymph with lov'd Cleora can compare.

T H I R S I S.

Cease, cease! I first will chaunt my Phœbe's fame;
 Superior graces the first sonnet claim.
 Phœbe the good, the graceful, and the gay,
 Is bright as morn, mild as the eve of May.

C O L I N.

Cleora's auburn locks, with comely ease,
 Shade her white neck, or wanton in the breeze.

Her

Her eyes the brightness of the sun disclose ;
Her cheeks out-bloom the blushes of the rose.

T H I R S I S.

My Phœbe's breast is white as new fall'n snow ;
Her eyes with lustre, cheeks with freshness glow.
Each charm to paint what mortal can presume ?
Her voice is music, and her breath perfume.

C O L I N.

What grace transcendent in Cleora's seen,
When to the pipe she moves upon the green ?
All eyes my fair one's winning airs approve ;
She moves a grace, and looks the queen of love.

T H I R S I S.

When Phœbe sings, attentive silence reigns ;
Each ear enraptur'd drinks the pleasing strains.
Her flocks, whilst she the force of song essays,
Forget to feed, and listen to her lays.

C O L I N.

To my Cleora's love my life I owe,
For she prolong'd it in yon glen below.
A river deep meanders through yon meads,
And on its banks high hazels rear their heads.

These

These I ascend with joyful anxious haste,
 That my Cleora might the clusters taste.
 Whilst careless on the tottering tree I stood,
 I slipp'd my hold, and headlong dash'd the flood.
 Stunn'd with the fall, I floated on the wave ;
 Cleora saw ; shriek'd, plung'd my life to save.
 She seiz'd, she dragg'd me breathless to the shore ;
 She wept, and cry'd, " my Colin is no more !"
 My blood at last again began to flow,
 My pulse to beat, my cheeks with life to glow.
 " Where am I ?—where ?—where am I, heaven !
 I cry'd ;"

' Here, Colin, here, by thy Cleora's side.'
 Then tell me Thirsis (and with truth declare)
 Can I or praise, or too much love the fair ?

T H I R S I S.

Large proof of love, my Colin, I must own ;
 Nor has my Phœbe less affection shewn.
 A noxious fever late attack'd these plains,
 And rigorous rag'd amongst our youthful swains.
 It was my lot, in God's good-seeming hour,
 To feel the force of its infectious pow'r.

Soon

Soon as my Phœbe the disaster knew,
 Borne on the wings of love she, trembling, flew :
 Hung o'er my bed with an unweary'd care,
 Scorning the aids of food or sleep to share:
 At last kind heav'n vouchsaf'd to ease my pain,
 And cool the fev'rish ferment in my brain.
 I then perceiv'd (till then that sense deny'd)
 My faithful fair one weeping by my side.
 " Why would'st thou Phœbe hazard thy fair frame,
 " And face the dangers of th' infectious flame ?
 " What (more than) goodness in thy soul appears ?"
 I seiz'd her hand, and bath'd it with my tears.
 ' How could thy Phœbe from her Thirsis stay,
 ' When drooping, sick'ning, on his bed he lay ?
 ' Disdaining danger, to thy arms I fly ;
 ' What---what is life, if my lov'd Thirsis die ?"
 Now, Colin, speak ! (and *thou* the truth declare)
 Can *I* or praise, or too much love *my* fair ?

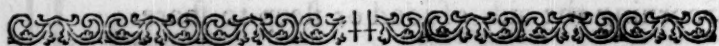
C O L I N.

Each our pure love, and each our praises claim,
 Their charms are equal, virtues are the same.
 ---But whilst we here prolong the pleasing strains,
 Behold our flocks have stray'd wide o'er the plains,

P

Let

Let us fetch back the white-fleec'd straggling crew,
And then the soothing subject we'll renew.



Stanzas; addressed to a new-born Son.

I.

HAIL, infant stranger! smiling sweetness hail!
Accept the homage of these artless strains;
Oh, may the wishes of the Muse prevail!
“Long may’st thou live to tread these peaceful
plains!”

II.

Genii! your kind protecting pinions spread,
Around the cradle of this welcome guest,
That safety still may hover o’er his head,
And health beat high within his harmless breast.

III.

Stretch thy young eyes across each fertile field,
Verdant, or with the yellow harvest stor’d;
These---these to thee an after hour shall yield;
These level lawns shall own thee lawful lord.

From

IV.

From lisping childhood to maturer age,
In sense increasing, and with vigour crown'd;
May'st thou still read, and mark fair virtue's page,
And in each manly exercise abound!

V.

But far fly hence, ye prisoners of the mind!
Presumption, pride, and ev'ry apish air;
Heav'n store his heart with intellects refin'd,
And let each word, and deed, his worth declare.

VI.

Thus prays the muse: and hopes in future day,
To view thee rise the idol of the plain;
Then shalt thou all thy parents' care repay,
And live the lov'd of all our rural train.





From the LETTERS of

The late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne to
his most intimate Friends.

LETTER I, in VOL. I.

To Miss L——

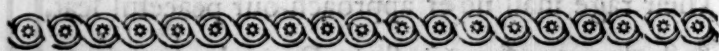
YES! from the bustling world I'll silent steal,
Nor shall a tongue my residence reveal.
Not even Echo, from her cavern'd seat,
Shall in mock accents whisper my retreat:
Paint to thy mind a rich romantic view!
A sun-gilt cottage on a mountain's brow,
Where trees in winter from the tempest shield,
And in the sultry season coolness yield.
And dost thou think those sweetners of the mind,
Friendship and *Love* shall e'er be left behind?
No, Laura, no! they, in the lonely hour,
Shall on my soul their sweetest influence pour:
Shall, in thy amiable form arise,
At morn, at noon, at night before my eyes.

Such

Such innocence, such raptures will we share,
 As erst in Eden crown'd the happy pair,
 Ere the arch-fiend (mankind's insidious foe)
 Stole in, and chang'd the blissful scene to woe.
 Kindest affections here shall still find room,
 To shoot, to spread, and, undisturb'd, to bloom :
 To bear the fruit (luxurious mental food !)
 Which pride, care, envy kill within the bud.
 Let human hurricanes at distance beat,
 Their rage shall ne'er approach our peaceful seat.
 Hast thou not seen, in stern December's train,
 A Polyanthus blow upon the plain ?
 Some friendly wall has lent its fostering aid.
 From biting blasts to form a shielding shade.—
 No influence of the planetary pow'rs,
 Save that presiding o'er the sweetest flowers,
 Shall e'er descend upon our blissful bowers. }
 Heav'n shield ! what pleasures from th' idea spring ?
 What joys, what raptures would possession bring ?
 We'll build, we'll plant, but torturing art deride ;
 Untaught simplicity shall be our guide.
 Unerring nature still shall be our law,
 From her we'll learn the sweets of life to draw,

Her chymic hand the good of life shall cull,
 And mingle in one sweet salubrious bowl.
 Cares, fears, disease far from our cot shall fly,
 Guarded by thy tutelar deity.
 Of gratitude we'll sing the choral lay,
 Whilst through our peaceful pilgrimage we stray,

Adieu, my best! oh, to my arms return!
 I languish, pine, and for my Laura mourn.



From the same.

LETTER LXXXIV, VOL. III.

From Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne.

ON your humanity 'twould insult seem,
 To frame excuses for my artless theme,
 I am from that ill-fated lineage sprung,
 Term'd *Negroe* by the low, illiberal tongue.
 Fate on my youthful years indignant lowr'd,
 And in life's bowl her baneful acids pour'd:
 Plac'd me where un-enlighten'd ignorance,
 Was for obedience deem'd the best defence.

Through

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 215

Through studious toils, with honest ardor fir'd,
Some little learning I by stealth acquir'd.
These later years of my allotted round,
Have been (blest heav'n!) with ev'ry comfort
crown'd.

Plac'd with the truly good, and nobly great,
More mild than freedom seems my servile state:
My chief delights from well-penn'd books arise;
Thee, blest PHILANTHROPY! I idolize:
Nature's great limner, artist all-divine!
In *Toby's* portrait what sweet shades combine?
So good to dear Philanthropy so giv'n,
His very oaths are blotted out in heav'n,
I vow I'd in the dog-days walk ten mile,
With honest *Trim* the moments to beguile.
Your sermons, which such pleasing truths impart,
Have touch'd—(I hope) amended Sancho's heart.
How does my soul in tender pity bleed,
When you the captive's cause thus pow'rful plead!
“ How vast their numbers, who, in ev'ry age
“ Have bow'd beneath oppression's ruthless rage?
“ Beneath fell tygers of the human kind,
“ Still deaf to pity, to distress still blind.

“ Reflect

" Reflect on slavery ; what black seas of woe,
 " From its contaminated fountains flow ?
 " How many millions drink the bitter bowl,
 " Which slavery forces on the loathing soul ?"

Spare, dearest Sir ! one hour's attention spare,
 The weighty woes of bondage to declare ;
 The piercing pains which at this present hour,
 In our West Indies Africk's sons endure.
 This subject, touch'd by your superior art,
 Perchance, of thousands would assuage the smart.
 If but of one, gods ! what a glorious prize
 Would from the pleasing retrospect arise ?
 And sure you are, like bounteous heav'n above,
 An Epicurean in the acts of love.
 Think, Sir, in me you view th' uplifted hands,
 Of millions more of luckless Moorish bands !
 Form to your mind their attitudes of woe !
 Hark ! from their lips what plaintive accents flow !
 Your heart must melt—must your kind hand dispose,
 In pow'ful phrase to plead the Captive's cause,

From



From Mr Sterne, to Ignatius Sancho.

WHAT strange coincidences intervene,
 In all the stages of this earthly scene?
 Just had my pen a tender tale portray'd,
 Of a poor, friendless, sorrowing Negroe maid;
 Just had I wip'd away the pitying tear,
 When lo! thy unaffected lines appear,
 Imploring that I'd paint the various woes,
 Which on thy brethren partial fate bestows.
 But why *thy* brethren? why to *thee* confin'd?
 Why not allied to *me*?—to all mankind?
 By what nice tints, by what gradations small,
 Descends great nature in the human scale,
 From the fair form of a St. James's face,
 To the dark features of the Afric' race?
 Say, ye wise Casuists! at which tint of these,
 Are the strong bonds of brotherhood to cease?
 What shades yet must we in the scale descend,
 Ere mercy vanish, and affection end?

What

What shame, good Sancho, oh, what dire disgrace,
That man should traffick in the human race :
Should awe the helpless with an iron rod,
In flat defiance of the laws of God !
I ne'er, for my part, *Westward* cast mine eye,
But my heart heaves the sympathizing sigh :
Weeps o'er the burthens which our brethren *there*,
Are by capricious Tyrants forc'd to bear.
And would the journey mitigate their pains,
Lighten their loads, or break their servile chains,
I would this hour with pleasure undertake,
A pilgrimage to Mecca for their sake.

If I can weave the tale that I have wrote,
Into the work which now employs my thought ;
That, and much greater services I'll shew,
To wipe one tear from off the cheeks of woe.
For, in sad truth, upon the Christian name,
It casts the blackest shades of blackest shame,
To think that of our species such vast files,
Should sigh in sorrow in yon Western Isles :
Should tread, desponding, life's dull cheerless round,
In chains of darkness, and of mis'ry bound.

Much,

Much, much my heart it gladdens when I find,
That pains praise-worthy, have illum'd thy mind;
That heav'n has plac'd thee where calm comfort
reigns,
Where nought of slav'ry, save the name, remains.

And so, good Sancho, heartily adieu!
Thy letter shall not, unregarded, sue.



The INQUISITION;

From the life and opinions of Tristram Shandy,
Gent. — Vol. II. page 144.

HERE in the Inquisition's dreary cells,
Arm'd in blind bigotry, Religion dwells;
Sits ghastly on her black tribunal seat,
Justice and *Mercy* chain'd beneath her feet.
Tormenting racks that force the heart-felt groan,
Are the supporters of her frightful throne.
Hark!—hark! those piteous cries of pungent pain,
Proclaim the rigours of her tyrant-reign.

Lo!

Lo! where is brought the sorrowing soul of woe,
To meet the terrors of demoniac law:
To bear those pangs of study'd cruelty,
Which fiends and furies would have blush'd to see.
Behold the helpless victim trembling stand!
View him consign'd to his tormentor's hand!
Look on his form; emaciate, sickly, wan!
Confinement's woes have phantomiz'd the man.
Each starting nerve and muscle meets the eye,
And, suffering, throbs the tale of misery.
Lo! the last movement of that horrid wheel!
To view, it pains; what must the victim feel?
Stretch'd, maim'd, convuls'd & pang'd in ev'ry part,
What torments exquisite must tear his heart?
'Tis all that struggling nature can sustain;
Heav'ns! how he looks excruciating pain!
His weary'd soul hangs on his trembling heart,
Willing, but ah! not suffer'd to depart.
Now view the victim, writhing in his pain,
Led back (damn'd mercy) to his cell again!
See him anon dragg'd to the hell-sprung stage,
To meet the fullness of infernal rage:
To give his form to the devouring fire,
Amidst inhuman insults to expire.

The



The A S S, and the G O A T.
A Fable.

WHY will mankind, in mad career,
Still rush beyond their proper sphere?

Why will they, scorning nature's way,
In the rough roads of danger stray?

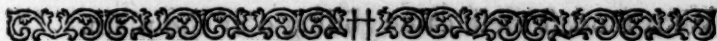
An Afs had long contented fed,
Unenvying, and unenvied:
Had long the plain in safety trod,
And cropp'd what nature's hand bestow'd.
Plump was his body, sleek his skin,
At ease without, at peace within,
And, could he but have been content,
No Afs a happier life had spent.
But curs'd ambition cross'd his way,
And beck'd in paths unsafe to stray.
One day, whilst in the vale he graz'd,
His eye by chance he upward rais'd,

When

When on a craggy mountain's brow,
A Goat appear'd within his view.
Ambition seiz'd the Afs's head,
He envying view'd, and fighting said:
" Gods ! shall a Goat yon height attain;
" Whilst I, inglorious ! tread the plain ?
" Forbid it, pride !---as well as him,
" Four legs I boast---I too will climb."

Thus said, he straight approach'd the hill,
And clamber'd up with clumsy skill.
Steep was th' ascent ; at ev'ry pace,
A danger star'd him in the face.
At length, with truthful toil and pains,
The midway of the mount he gains,
Then halts ; nor halted without need ;
His vigour fail'd him to proceed.
He downward look'd (vast hideous height !)
His brain grew giddy with the sight.
He tumbled headlong to the plain,
Was dash'd to death, and pierc'd with pain.
He, dying, bray'd this doleful cry,
" Curs'd be ambition !---oh, I die ! "

P R O.



PROCLAMATION

Issued to the Shades of the British Theatrical
Heroes, resident in the Elysian Fields.

(FAME, as Herald.)

“ O Yes! O yes! O yes! ye kings, queens,
lords,

Who erst have trod fair *Drury's* founding boards;
Or who, on Covent-Garden's ample stage,
Have sigh'd soft love, or rant'd tyrant-rage;
Hither repair at the command of Fame,
To celebrate immortal Shakespear's name.”

Through all th' Elysian plains the summons rung,
And Shakespear! Shakespear echo'd from each
tongue.

Heroes and Heroines sock'd and buskin'd came,
In honour of their mighty master's name.
Booth, Barry, Betterton and Wilkes appear,
And Sir *John Falstaff* waddled in the rear.

Avon's

Avon's sweet bard, amidst the thronging train,
With modest mein came gliding o'er the plain.

High on a throne, which with refulgence shin'd,
Cloath'd in the robes of candour, Taste reclin'd.
All eyes were fix'd upon th' enthroned fair,
Whilst expectation hover'd in the air:

The goddess rose, and graceful wav'd her hand,
And thus address'd the mute, expecting band :

“ Fair shades ! why hither summons'd to repair,

“ Fame has already founded in your ear.

“ Let each, from Shakespear's ever-hallow'd lay,

“ His utmost tragic, comic pow'rs display.

“ A crown of laurel shall his brow surround,

“ Who shall most worthy of the wreath be found.”

She ceas'd; when pressing eagre through the croud,
Shakespear approach'd the throne, and lowly bow'd.

“ Impartial goddess ! at thy shrine I bow;

“ Nor let thy suppliant unregarded sue :

“ Great is the honour which awaits my strains,

“ And great the merit of these buskin'd trains ;

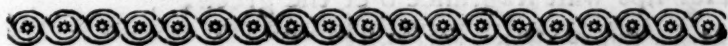
“ Yet oh, dread Goddess ! who approv'st my lay,

“ Postpone thy purpose to some distant day,

“ GARRICK,

" GARRICK, immortal in the list of fame,
 " Whose pow'rs add lusture to the poet's name;
 " GARRICK, great nature's first-born darling son,
 " Has yet a portion of life's race to run.
 " 'Till he arrive within these realms of bliss,
 " Delay thy purpose, and these chiefs dismiss,
 " Then shall the crown, to worth superior due,
 " Encircle energetic GARRICK's brow."

He bowing ceas'd. The goddess left the throne,
 Embrac'd the bard, and cry'd, " thy will be done!"



BEAUTIFUL NAN. A Song.

I.

WHILST on my lovely Nan I gaze,
 As on the green she trips,
 To try to speak her peerless praise,
 My heart flies to my lips.

II.

Her face is a fair almanack,
 Than *Wing's* or *Moore's* more true;

Q

By

By its aspects I can exact
The various seasons view.

III.

Spring, jocund spring laughs in her eye,
Than vernal suns more bright ;
It beams with sweet benignity,
And gives all eyes delight.

IV.

Summer upon her cheek is seen ;
Her cheek than rose more red ;
Her lips waft fragrance o'er the green,
More sweet than roses shed.

V.

Autumn, glad season to the swain.
Her auburn locks declare ;
The fairest fields of sun-gilt grain,
Are than her locks less fair.

VI.

Winter, yes, Winter I can show
In her all-lovely form ;
Her breast is white as winter's snow,
But free from passion's storm.

Such

VII.

Such is the nymph my soul adores ;
 Gods! give her to my arms ;
 Then hug, ye rich ! your golden stores,
 I'll hug her brighter charms.



A V I S I O N.

From the Spectator.—Vol. VIII. Page 558.

Qui fit, Mæcenæ, &c.

HOR.

WHILST in my elbow-chair I fat reclin'd,
 And mus'd these lines of Horace in my mind,
 Sleep stole upon me ; when methought great Jove
 Sent down his mandate from the realms above :
 “ Mortals throughout Earth's wide extended plains,
 “ Attend to what great Jupiter ordains !
 “ Here to this spacious plain immediate draw,
 “ And each lay down his most corroding woe.”

Thus spoke the Herald of Almighty Jove,
 Who rolls his thunders in the realms above.

Straight from all quarters teem'd a num'rous train,
The sons of mankind fill'd the ample plain.
Each in a heap threw down his weightiest woes,
'Till high in air the swelling mountain rose.

A female figure of thin, airy mein,
Mov'd active in this visionary scene.
Her hand a magnifying glass display'd ;
She was in loose, and flowing robes array'd.
There were embroider'd on her bright attire,
Fiends, spectres, " Gorgons and Chimeras dire."
These in ten thousand hideous shapes appear,
As her loose vestments hover'd in the air.
Her visage wildness and distraction wore,
And FANCY was the name the female bore.
She led each mortal to th' appointed place,
Having first aided with officious grace,
His woe-fill'd package on his back to place.
My soul in sorrow melted when I view'd
The burthens of the groaning multitude :
The heap of human miseries that rose
Above the clouds : vast, congregated woes!

There were, however, in the numerous file,
Those, who from Cynics would have forc'd the smile.

One

One I observ'd, who, like stol'n chattles, brought
A Fardel hid beneath's embroider'd coat.

I scann'd the package with observant eye,
And found it labell'd with---" my POVERTY !"

Breathless and puffing next another came,
And left his luggage :---'twas his loving *Dame*.

Sighing soft sonnets in desponding strain,
Vast crouds of lovers march'd across the plain.
Of darts and flames a pond'rous load they shar'd,
And woeful faces their hard fates declar'd.

Yet (strange to tell!) tho' saddled thus with woe,
None to the heap would his misfortunes throw.

After faint efforts each recross'd the plain,
And hugg'd, in anguish, his beloved pain.

Troops of *old women* toss'd their wrinkles in ;
The *young* stood ready with a tawny skin.

Large lips, red noses, teeth of rusty kind,
Were, by ten thousands, to the heap consign'd.

Some puff'd as in the agonies of death,
And clear'd their stomachs of a stinking breath.

In short this mighty mass of human woes
Chiefly from bodily defects arose.

One I perceiv'd with a prodigious load,
Which high exalted on his shoulders stood ;

On near approach my sad mistake appear'd ;
 A natural hump upon his back was rear'd.
 Nor did the tumour long its station keep ;
 He shook it off amidst the medley heap.

Various distempers to the heap were flung,
 But more from fancy than from feeling sprung.
 One little packet much engross'd my eye ;
 'Twas cramm'd with ev'ry human malady.
 This was with folks of fashion mostly seen,
 The poor possess'd it not ; 'twas call'd the SPLEEN.
 But what most struck me with amazement vast,
 No *vice*, no *folly* to the heap was cast.
 How wond'rous strange (methought within my mind)
 That those two evils should be left behind !
 That passion, frailty, prejudice and vice,
 Should not have swell'd the mountain to the skies.

Of an abandon'd wretch I next took note ;
 Thou hast (thought I) thy deeds of darkness brought ;
 No deeds of darkness in his budget lie ;
 He eas'd his conscience of his *memory*.
 I next perceiv'd a bold fac'd rogue advance ;
 He left his load : it prov'd his *ignorance*.

Whilst

Whilst I stood meditating, mute, amaz'd,
Near this huge mass by human mis'ries rais'd,
An Herald from th' ethereal plains above
Again thus spoke the will of mighty Jove ;
" Let now each mortal to the mountain haste,
" And chuse a misery suited to his taste :
" Than that he left select a lighter pain ;
" That done, let each immediate leave the plain."

FANCY again with active hand prepares
To deal the mountain into diff'rent shares :
To give each claimant his requested pain,
That all might homeward hie across the plain."

Clamour and wild confusion now ensu'd,
And uproar reign'd amongst th' impatient crowd.
'Twas not in pow'r of mortal eye to trace
Each odd adventure, which, of course, took place.
Such as beneath my observation fell,
I shall with candour, and conciseness tell.

A man, whose head with age was silver'd o'er,
Pick'd up a graceless spendthrift from the store.
He of the cholic just had clear'd his hands,
And took this youth to heir his ample lands.

He

He took—but ah! he found what he had ta'en,
 Than gripes, or cholick a more grievous pain.
 His hopeful heir, ere from the heap they stirr'd,
 Revil'd, berogu'd, and pluck'd him by the beard.
 When the right father of the youth he saw,
 Grip'd and drawn double with his new-got woe;
 “ Let us, good Sir, undo what we have done;
 “ Give back my cholick, and receive your son.”
 Vain hope, alas! for 'twas by Jove decreed
 Neither should from th' unhappy choice recede.
 A gally-slave, that had shook off his chains,
 And in their steed snatch'd up rheumatick pains,
 Made such wry faces, that 'twas plainly seen,
 He had gain'd little by the bartering scene.
 Exchanges strange, and comical were made;
 Sicknes for thread bare poverty was paid:
 Hunger for want of appetite was ta'en,
 Content for crowns, and wrinkled care for pain.
 The female world right busy were, I ween,
 Bartering for features in this trading scene.
 One for gray hairs (which females seldom prize)
 Receiv'd a carbuncle of monstrous size.
 Another, with like pleasure, and like haste,
 Snatch'd up round shoulders for a shorten'd waist.
 Others,

Others, whose cheeks ne'er boasted beauteous bloom,
 Pick'd up lost reputations in their room.
 But in the various bargains that were struck,
 Each female seem'd a loser by the truck;
 Thought her fresh blemish of more frightful kind,
 Than that which she had to the heap consign'd.
 In short, each mortal in this woeful train,
 Seem'd not t' have eas'd, but added to his pain,
 All round the heap heav'd the repenting groan,
 And deem'd each evil lighter than his own.
 Sighs, groans, despair, and lamentable cries,
 Pour'd from all mouths, ascended to the skies.

Jove now (for he, commiserating, saw
 The murmuring croud depress'd with weighty woe)
 Decreed that each should drop his alien pain,
 And in its room receive his own again.

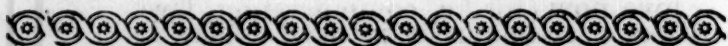
With joyful haste the mandate was obey'd,
 And ev'ry mortal down his sorrows laid.

The Sorcerers fly, by whose delusive art
 These miseries sprung, was order'd to depart.

There now appear'd, in the late phantom's place,
 A Goddess crown'd with ev'ry winning grace.

She

She was of serious, but of chearful mein;
 In all her steps compofure ftill was feen.
 With eye devout the heav'ns ſhe oft ſurvey'd;
 And PATIENCE was the title of the maid.
 Soon as the goddeſs had her ſtation ta'en,
 Cloſe to the mount of ſorrows on the plain,
 The heap (almoſt incredible to tell!)
 One third in bigneſs instantaneous fell.
 She then return'd, with cautious hand, and ſlow,
 To ev'ry mortal his own proper woe:
 Shew'd him the mode how beſt to bear his pain;
 This done; they all, well pleas'd, depart the plain.



The Firſt VISION of MIRZA;

From the Spectator, Vol. II, No. 159.

— *Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti*
Mortales habetat viſus tibi, & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam — VIRG.

UPON the moon's fifth day (which ſtill I keep,
 With ſacred awe, and with devotion deep)
 Having

Having first cleans'd me with lavations due,
 And to my Maker paid my morning vow,
 To BAGDAT's lofty hills I bent my way,
 In pious exercise to pass the day.
 Here whilst I trod the airy cloud-capt plain,
 Deep meditation labour'd in my brain,
 Which to my mental eye immediate brings
 The baseless vanity of human things.
 "Surely," said I, whilst I pursu'd my theme,
 "Man's but a shadow, and his life a dream."
 As thus I mus'd, I cast a transient look
 Tow'rd the high summit of a neighbouring rock,
 When lo! a form, in shepherd's weeds array'd,
 A pipe harmonious in his hand display'd,
 Which to his lips, while on him yet I gaz'd,
 With graceful air the unknown artist rais'd.
 Sweet was its sound—sweet, sweet beyond com-
 pare,
 Melodious music thrill'd in ev'ry air,
 Strange to the Organs of a mortal ear.
 Such heav'nly airs symphonious Seraphs play,
 To greet the Just to the celestial way:
 T' efface death's image, and their mortal pains,
 And fit their souls for heav'ns extatic plains.

So

So sweet the music, ravishing the lay,
My soul in secret rapture dy'd away.

Oft had fame whisper'd to my wond'ring sense,
That here a GENIUS held his residence ;
That oft the sweet musician with his song,
Had charm'd the peasant as he pass'd along ;
But ne'er till now had the melodious guest,
To sense of mortal vision stood confess'd.
When he, by strains sublime, had rais'd my mind
To taste the pleasures of his speech refin'd,
Whilst I stood mute and motionless through fear,
He wav'd his hand in signal to draw near.
I straight approach'd him with that pious awe,
Which to superior natures mortals shew.
My soul was melted by his moving airs ;
I prostrate fell, and bath'd the ground with tears.
The GENIUS rais'd me with a courteous grace ;
Sweet affability sat on his face.
He smil'd a look---so full of love ! so kind !
Each busy fear lay hush'd within my mind.
“ MIRZA,” (said he, and gently took my hand)
“ Oft have I seen thee in thy secret stand :
“ Oft heard thee pour thy soul in fervent pray'r ;
“ Obey my mandate, and with me repair.”

We

We now a rock's extremest summit gain,
 Whose stretching shadow mark'd the distant plain,
 When thus the GENIUS: "Eastward cast thine
 eye,

"And say what objects in the prospect lie."

I see said I, a valley hugely wide,
 Through which an ocean rolls its rapid tide.

"The valley wide that opens on thine eye,

"Is the vast vale of mortal misery.

"And the deep flood extending far and wide,

"Part of eternity's unbounded tide."

But oh, my gracious guide, declare the cause,

Why the vast ocean that before us flows,

Breaks through yon mists upon my visual ray,

And in like manner steals in mists away?

"What thou perceivest," (was my guide's reply)

"Is that fix'd PORTION OF ETERNITY,

"Call'd TIME, spann'd out by yon bright lamp
 of day,

"TIME, made to move 'till stars shall melt away.

"Examine now, with an attentive eye,

"This sea, whose several ends in darkness lie,

"And say what objects more thou can'st de-
 fery."

I look'd, and thus address'd my gracious guide :
I see a bridge stretch'd o'er the mighty tide.
" The bridge thou see'st extend from shore to shore,
" Is human life ; its ev'ry part explore."
I now more leisurely the fabrick view'd ;
Three score and ten unfractur'd arches stood.
Some broken were ; these add to the account,
Fix'd at one hundred stood their full amount.
Whilst I with care the arches number'd o'er
The GENIUS told me that in days of yore,
One thousand arches had the fabric grac'd,
But that a flood had all the rest effac'd :
'The (once) fair structure thus in ruins left
In state unstable, of its aids bereft.
" But tell me, father," said my gracious guide,
" What thou beholdest on the bridge beside."
Amazing multitudes upon it croud,
And on each end there hangs a dusky cloud.
I por'd attentive on the bridge, and saw
Numbers drop through, and dash the waves below.
I strain'd a keen observant eye, and trac'd
Numberless pit-falls in close ambush plac'd.
On these the passengers no sooner trod,
But down they fell and sunk amidst the flood.

These

These hidden pit-falls in close order lay,
 At the first entrance on this fatal way ;
 No sooner, therefore, numbers broke to fight,
 Than they plung'd head-long in eternal night.
 Nearer the centre of this arch-built plain,
 These toils of death were less contiguous lain;
 But at that end, whose arches stood compleat,
 Thick—thick were strew'd the latent snares of fate.
 Some few there were, that still maintain'd their road.
 And on the broken arches hobbling trod :
 But all at last became the ocean's prey,
 Worn out with weakness and with length of way.

This wond'rous scene of variegated woe,
 Fill'd all my pow'rs with contemplative awe.
 I mourn'd to view, amidst mirth's joyous reign,
 Thousands drop head-long, ne'er to rise again :
 To see them, falling, catch at all around,
 In hopes to save them from the gulph profound.
 Whilst some in thoughtful postures rais'd their eyes,
 To muse the glorious wonders of the skies.
 Whilst yet in speculation deep they stood,
 They stumbled, fell, and flounc'd amidst the flood.

Numbers

Numbers pursu'd with anxious keen delight
 Bubbles that glittering danced before their sight ;
 But when in act to grasp the wish'd-for good,
 Their footing fail'd, and they embrac'd the flood.
 Amidst this medley scene of mortal woe,
 Some arm'd with deadly scymetars, I saw :
 And some with urinals ; these with fell hands,
 Dealt dire disasters on the passing bands :
 Push'd them on pit-falls with unfeeling hate,
 And hurl'd them headlong to the arms of fate.

“ Take now,” the GENIUS cry'd (for he had
 seen

My sorrowing soul melt on the mournful scene)
 “ Take now thine eyes from off the bridge, and
 say

“ What things unfathom'd meet their visual ray.”
 I rais'd my eyes, and thus : Dear guide, declare !
 What mean those flocks of birds that crowd the air,
 That o'er the bridge still wing their circling flight,
 And oft in numbers on its sides alight ?
 Vultures I see : Ravens of dismal song,
 Owls, Harpies, Corm'rants in th' aerial throng.

Of

Of winged boys I see a smiling band,
That on the *middle* arches fix their stand.

- “ These, (said the Genius) envy, avarice are :
“ Love, superstition, dullness, and despair :
“ With the like cares and passions that infest,
“ And fix their empire in the human breast.”

Here I sigh'd sorrowful, with heart-touch'd pain ;
Alas ! said I, man, man was made in vain.

How giv'n to misery in his mortal state !
How soon encircled in the arms of fate !

When thus the Genius, touch'd with pitying throes,
“ Quit this sad scene, surcharg'd with human woes.

- “ No more on man's first state affix thine eye,
“ On his first out-set for eternity ;
“ But stretch thine eye adown this ample tide,
“ To where yon mists its further progress hide ;
“ To where the tide wafts all the human race,
“ Who, soon or late, its rapid waves embrace.”

I look'd, and (whether now my gracious guide
My sight with supernatural strength supply'd,
Or caus'd the dusky mists to melt, and die,
Before impervious to my searching eye)
I saw the valley opening far and wide,
Through which an ocean roll'd its bulky tide,

R

When

Wherein a rock of adamant there stood,
That in two parts divides the foaming flood.
On its one half clouds still and darkness lay,
Impenetrable to my visual ray.
Its other part display'd a spacious flood,
Wherein innumerable islands stood.
Fruits deck'd the trees, and flowers the painted green;
Ten thousand shining riv'lets grac'd the scene.
Forms, I could see, where'er I look'd around,
In glorious garments, and with garlands crown'd,
That trod the lawns, or sought the cooling shade,
On flowers repos'd, or that by fountains stray'd.
Mix'd sounds melodious, borne upon the breeze,
Though indistinctly heard, most sweetly please.
Of human voices I could hear the strains,
And the wild warblings of the feather'd trains.
The falls of water lent their liquid aid,
And instrumental music sweetly play'd.
The scene enchanting, which thus beauteous shone,
Gladden'd my heart with joys (till now) unknown.
Oh! for an eagle's wings, and eagle's pow'rs,
I cry'd, to waft me to yon blissful bow'rs?
But here the Genius told me, that no roads
Were e'er permitted to those bless'd abodes,

Save

Save through the gates of death, which late I ey'd,
Upon the bridge of life each moment op'ning wide.

" These Islands, (said he) which before thee spread,
" With flowers enamell'd, and in freshness clad,
" Are in their numbers infinitely more,
" Than the vast sands heap'd on the ocean's shore.
" Stretch'd beyond these which fill thy straining eye,
" Myriads of Islands, heap'd on myriads lie,
" Remov'd beyond the reach of mortal view,
" Nay, where even thought ne'er yet, exploring,
flew.

" These the still-blooming, blissful mansions are,
" Which, after death, the just for ever share.
" Each soul, enraptur'd, here for ever feeds
" On bliss, proportion'd to its earthly deeds.
" Open thy lips, O Mirza, and declare !
" Are not these mansions worth a mortals care ?
" Does life, which holds forth such a glorious prize,
" Appear a burthen in thy erring eyes ?
" Wilt thou dread death which all thy hope
compleats,
" Death, that shall bear thee to yon blissful seats.
" Say not, O Mirza ! man was made in vain,
" Whilst yon bright regions in his choice remain."

As I the happy, smiling seats survey'd,
 Extatic pleasures in my bosom play'd.
 At length I cry'd, ' Thrice gracious guide, reveal,
 ' The secrets which yon dusky clouds conceal,
 ' Yon dusky clouds which on the deep remain,
 ' Beyond yon rocky adamantine chain."
 He nought reply'd. I turn'd again to sue,
 But ah! my guide was vanish'd from my view.
 I then address'd me to the vision bright,
 Which I had mus'd on with such sweet delight ;
 But in the place of the late pleasing scene,
 The rolling tide, rock, bridge, and islands green,
 Nought now my disappointed eye descry'd,
 Save Bagdat's valley, stretching far and wide,
 Where flocks and herds, in ample order spread,
 Frisk'd on its sides, or on its verdure fed.

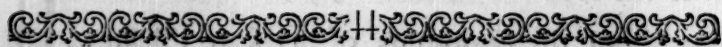


COLIN's COMPLAINT.

AH me unhappy! what unusual smart,
 What painful, pleasing flutterings move my
 heart?

Is

Is it the touch of love? oh, ye that know,
 Say! and the symptoms of my state I'll shew.
 Whilst with *Corinna* o'er the lawns I stray,
 I wish each moment was in length a day.
 But when she's absent, oh, what change I find!
 Each *hour* seems then an *age* in Colin's mind.
 Trimly attir'd, I lately trod the plain,
 And, jocund, join'd the sportive, rural train;
 But now, of dress and sports regardless grown,
 I musing mope and meditate alone.
 On rustick reed, the produce of these plains,
 I late essay'd to chaunt my homely strains;
 But now, alas! my pipe neglected lies,
 My songs are groans, and all my notes are sighs.
 Health late sat basking on my visage hale,
 But now, ah me! my cheeks wax wond'rous pale.
 My sleeps, erewhile, were free from dreams; but now
 Still, still *Corinna* floats before my view.
 Soft god of love! if thy resistless dart
 Has caus'd this tumult in poor Colin's heart;
 Oh! fix *another* in *Corinna's* breast,
 That she may love and make her Colin blest.



The OAK, and the WILLOW.

A Fable.

THIS truth must be by all confest,
“ A pliant temper is the best.”

A sturdy Oak long years had stood,
And towr'd the wonder of the wood.
Wide were its num'rous branches spread;
The clouds enwrapp'd its lofty head.
It was a tall and lofty tree,
But *proud* as proudest Oak could be.

Beneath this Oak's extending shade,
An humble Willow rais'd its head.
It was a sprout of low degree,
But *modest* as a twig need be.

The Oak, with supercilious brow,
Oft scoff'd the humble Willow bough.
“ Mean, low-born wretch ! (it often said)
“ Behold my heav'n-aspiring head !
“ Behold my bulk ! my firmness view !
“ To fiercest blasts I scorn to bow ;

“ Whilst

“ Whilst thou, poor pliant fool ! with ease
 “ Bend’st to the earth with ev’ry breeze.”

The modest twig no answer made ;
 Repentment in its breast lay dead.
 But mark the sequel ! storms arose ;
 Boreas from ev’ry quarter blows.
 With rage the tempest roar’d around ;
 The Oak was levell’d with the ground.
 Unhurt the humble Willow stood ;
 Its *pliant nature* prov’d its good.



The IMPRESS. A Ballad.

“ GENTLY, oh ! gently blow, ye gales,
 “ Nor fill my breast with pain ;
 “ Breathe mild, ye breezes, in the fails
 “ That waft him o’er the main !”

Thus pray’d fair Susan ; from her eye
 The precious sorrow fell ;
 William unable to reply,
 Sigh’d deep the sad “ farewell.”

And

And now on board her faithful fwain
Has join'd the jovial crew,
Whilst Susan must on shore remain,
To weep the hours in woe.

Long, long upon the beach she stood,
And with pursuing eyes
Follow'd the vessel and the flood,
That bore away her prize ;

But now no more her straining eye,
The far-fled fails can reach,
She dropp'd a tear, and heav'd a sigh,
And slowly left the beach.

Yet oft she turn'd, and oft she try'd
The bark again to find ;
But heav'n the sigh'd-for sight deny'd
And constant kept the wind.

And now to India's distant shore,
Her William steers his way,
And leaves his Susan to deplore
His absence night and day.

Three welcome springs had wak'd the year,
And verdant cloath'd the wood,

Since

Since William from his Sufan dear,
Had steer'd across the flood.

Oft, oft she sent a searching eye
Across the watery plain,

In hopes her William's bark to spy,
Come posting o'er the main.

" Ye winds and billows prove more kind,

" And waft my William o'er ;

" Ease a poor maiden's anxious mind,

" And send his ship to shore !"

As Sufan prays, kind heav'n decrees ;

The bark that William bore,

Came proudly posting o'er the seas,

To gain the British shore.

And now the ship approach'd so nigh,

Her William stood confest ;

Joy danc'd within her bright'ning eye,

And gladness heav'd her breast.

Yet ah! though bliss seem'd in her view,

And ev'ry fear was fled,

The Press-master's unpitying crew,

Heap'd woes on Sufan's head.

They

They board the bark, and William feize,
 Before his Susan's eyes;
 And bear in triumph to the seas,
 Deaf to her doleful cries.

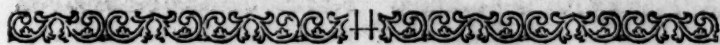
She beat her breast her locks she tore,
 " Ah me! ah me!" she cry'd;
 " I ne'er shall see my William more!"
 She fell, she sigh'd, she dy'd.



Wrote Extempore, with a Piece of Chalk, upon
 the Tomb-stone of one THOMAS TROTTEEN,
 fifteen Years after the Stone was erected.

HERE lies Tom Trotten,
 Nail-dead, and rotten,
 And but for this poor stone,
 The said Tom Trotten,
 Had been forgotten,
 Full fifteen years agon.

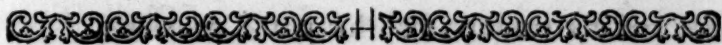
Extempore



Extempore on the Death of the late Mr. J——

H—— of worthy and facetious Memory.

MOMUS beheld his exit, and a tear
From either eye bedewed his mournful bier.
The mirthful god sigh'd, wept, and shook his head.
And cry'd, "Alas, my darling son lies dead!"



E P I T A P H

On the late Lady CAROLINE CORBET.

HERE lies, to mingle with her native dust,
The *fair*, the *fam'd*, the *noble*, and the *just*!
Yet cease, ye weeping kindred, to deplore;
For Corbet rests where anguish is no more.

INSCRIP.



I N S C R I P T I O N

For the Monument to be erected, at the Public
 expence, to the Memory of the late Earl of
 Chatham.

THIS mark of love a grateful people rear,
 To point that CHATHAM's sacred dust lies
here.

Needless the mode t'immortalize his fame;
 For posting rumour shall his praise proclaim.
 From age to age great CHATHAM's fame shall fly;
 While Britons live his name can never die.



WEALTH and POVERTY.

An Allegory.

TWO Goddesses of diff'rent mein,
 Forsook the bright, ethereal scene,
 And down-ward bent their way;

Their

Their errand was to try to gain
The sons of earth to join their train,
And own their sov'reign sway.

The one in woeful weeds was drest,
In cloathing coarse, and tatter'd vest,
And POVERTY her name ;
The other shone in raiment bright,
Which dazzled each beholder's sight ;
She was term'd WEALTH by fame.

WEALTH first set forth, in pompous strain,
The pleasures that her golden reign
Would to her followers give ;
" Mortals !" she cry'd, " I come to shew
" My love to mankind here below ;
" Embrace my laws, and live !

" For you I bring the nectar'd bowl,
" With gladness to regale the soul,
" And kill corroding care ;
" Approach, and quaff the pleasing dose,
" It will obliterate your woes ;
" What more would mortals share ?

" For

" For you I bring the genial treat,
 " High-season'd sauce, and savoury meat ;
 " Rich viands, richly drest !
 " I ranfack ocean, earth, and air,
 " To furnish out my bill of fare ;
 " Approach, and share my feast !

" Pipe, tabor, lute of dulcet string,
 " Dance, masque, and merriment I bring,
 " To cheer my chosen train ;
 " Enter my halls ; dance, sing, and play,
 " 'Till morn shall chase the stars away ;
 " Approach ; revere my reign !"

The fyren goddess ceas'd her song,
 When POVERTY addrest the throng,
 With meek, and modest air ;

" No nectar'd bowls, my friends I bring,
 " Dance, masque, nor lute of dulcet string,
 " Nor boast I banquets rare ;

" But goodlier gifts I will bestow,
 " And marks of fuller friendship shew,
 " To those that join my train.

" Follow !

" Follow ! your footsteps I will bring,
 " Where smiling pleasures ever spring,
 " Pleasures unmix'd with pain.
 " Follow : and I'll conduct you where
 " Aëreal music fills the air,
 " And thrills through ev'ry grove ;
 " Where health, in innocence array'd,
 " Shall court you to the cooling shade,
 " To tell your artless love.
 " We'll sleep beneath the osier'd bower ;
 " Security shall guard the door ;
 " No care-engender'd foes,
 " Shall ever an admittance find,
 " To discompose the peaceful mind,
 " Or banish sound repose."

Thus each, alternate, us'd her pow'r,
 The sons of mankind to allure,
 The profer'd blifs to share :
 To *Wealth* obedient millions bow'd ;
 To *Poverty* a scantier crowd ;
 Untempting was her air.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Long

Long time elaps'd not, when the train,
 That bow'd the knee to *Wealth's* gay reign,
 A piteous fight display'd;
 Dropsies and gouts the bowl bestow'd,
 And from high feeding fevers flow'd,
 Which baffled medicine's aid.

Whilst *Poverty's* more blissful few
 From scenes of luxury withdrew,
 And, healthful, trod the plain;
 They work'd, and whistled out the day,
 All night in peaceful slumbers lay,
 Nor knew the name of pain.



On a late Marriage at H-----d.

AWAKE, my muse! Pulcheria's nuptial day,
 Invites thy presence, and demands thy lay.
 For her the Hymeneal sonnet sing,
 For well she merits all the muse can bring.
 Fair is her form, and graceful ev'ry air;
 Thrice blest Honesto! such a prize to share.

Far

Far hence fly, flattery ! in false gems array'd ;
 My honest muse disdains thy servile aid ;
 'Tis from the heart these willing numbers flow,
 My ardent wishes, and my hopes to shew.
 Descend then, muse ! and chaunt the festive lay,
 Thy benediction on this nuptial day.

“ Protecting angels, hover round the pair,
 “ And guard their safeties with peculiar care !
 “ Heav’n, from their lips life’s acid cup remove,
 “ And let them taste of nought but peace and love.
 “ Far from their minds remove each aching pain,
 “ And with sweet concord brighten Hymen’s chain.
 “ Pour on their hearts religion’s balmy dew,
 “ Truth’s pleasing paths, and precepts to pursue.
 “ Long may they live respected, and belov’d ;
 “ By heav’n protected, and of heav’n approv’d.
 “ And when their souls shall wing their final flight,
 “ Angels ! conduct them to the courts of light ! ”



PRAYER for the FAST-DAY.

(1778.)

I.

LORD! hear a suppliant nation's cry,
And let our pray'rs prevail;
Cause to be hush'd each plaintive sigh,
Borne on each *Western* gale.

II.

Long has dissension rear'd it's head,
Long have deluded bands
Rebellion's baneful banners spread,
In Albion's distant lands.

III.

But, Lord, at thy performing word,
Let civil discord cease;
Oh! sheathe the dire destructive sword,
And bless these realms with peace.

IV.

O'er the sad scenes of blood (now past)
Oblivion's mantle throw;

O'er

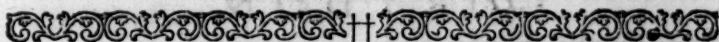
And that returning love may last,
Erase the traits of woe.

V.

Then shall sweet Concord from the sky,
To which she lately flew,
Return with friendship in her eye,
And *here* her reign renew.

VI.

Then shall fair Commerce spread her sails,
And waft her wonted stores,
Aided by her own *Western* gales,
To Albion's happy shores.



PASTORAL ELEGY

On the Death of the Hon. Lady CATHARINE
LOWTHER, Relict of the late Sir WILLIAM
LOWTHER, Bart. of *Swillington, Yorkshire.*

D A M O N.

WHY sits deep despair on thy brow?
Why stands the round tear in thine eye?

And why (for I heard it e'en now)
Heav'd thy bosom that sorrowful sigh?

C O R Y D O N.

Is yet then my Damon to know,
The source whence my sorrows are fed?
Then hearken——and share in my woe——
Dorinda——*Dorinda* is dead!

D A M O N.

Ah me! is the Bounteous no more?
Weep in anguish, ye nymphs and ye swains!
What heart can refrain to deplore
The loss of the pride of these plains?

C O R Y D O N.

Last night—of her death nought aware—
As close by her folds I return'd,
Harsh bleats from her flocks fill'd the air;
Ah me! 'twas their mistress they mourn'd!

D A M O N.

Full cause had her flocks to bewail
The loss of *Dorinda* the good;
She led them each morn to the vale;
When thirsty she drove to the flood.

C O R Y D O N.

C O R Y D O N.

And when the grey evening approach'd,
 She lodg'd them (secure from their foes)
 In their folds, where no prowlers encroach'd,
 To lose the long night in repose.

D A M O N.

Nor was it for lucre she fed,
 The tribes that enwhiten yon green;
 The hungry still eat of her bread;
 To the naked her fleeces were gi'en.

C O R Y D O N.

A tribute of tears shall be paid,
 Shall flow to her praise from each eye;
 And sighs from each bosom shall aid,
 To waft her pure soul to the sky.

D A M O N.

The stone that shall stand at her head,
 Shall speak this indelible strain:
 " Here lies"—for Dorinda is dead—
 " The glory, the pride of the plain!"



The POET's SOLILOQUY;

Attempted in the manner of Shakespear's *To be,*
or not *To be*——

TO *write*, or not to *write*; that is the question;
Whether 'tis wiser to retire to rest,
And court the balmy sweets of sound repose,
Or to sit musing in my Garret-chamber,
And by the feeble aid of farthing candle,
To pen my midnight madrigals. To write—
Perchance not to be read—Aye, there's the rub,
There's the respect that fills my breast with terrors,
And damps my pow'rs poetic. This the cause,
Makes me sit down, in melancholy mood,
To slender meals of bread, and mouldy cheese,
And mugs of base small beer. When but for this,
I might, Apollo! by thy hop'd-for aid,
Soar boldly on poetic wing, and snatch
A laurel from the wreath of fame—might purchase
An ounce of brain-exhilarating snuff,
Though at high rate—Perhaps might sometimes quaff

A moderate draught of that nectareous fluid,
 Term'd *brown October*:—Might, peradventure, view
 (A fight, heav'n knows! which Poets seldom see)
 Roast beef and pudding smoak upon my board.
 Delicious dream! oh! 'twere a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd! To write—To publish—
 Perchance not to be *bought*—Aye, there's the
 per'lous pit,

The black abyfs whereinto Poets plunge,
 Ne'er more to rise again. Heav'ns! how could I
 (Whose coin will scarce chink music in my purse)
 How could I stand the full (though needful) charge
 Of *type* and *tympane*, and those thousand items
 Authors are heirs to?—'Twould crush me to the
 centre;

'Twould purge my purse of its last lonely tenant,
 And leave it lifeless. Soft you now! Is there no
 hope?

No method feasible to face the foe,
 And take the field with honour? "YES; SUB-
 SCRIPTION,"

Sweet-sounding epithet! with modest hope,
 To thee I raise my eye, and crave thy aid.

Ye

Ye Nymphs Pierian ! prompt the *purpos'd* page,
 And shield my labours from the Critic's rage.
 If the kind public but approve my lays,
 I reap rich harvest — in their generous praise.

The Adventures of a Shilling. A Poem.

INTRODUCTION.

ADventurous Muse ! instruct my doubtful
 tongue,

Assist my labour, and inspire my song.

These my first numbers make with ease to flow,

Whilst a bright Shilling's various fate I shew,

Now chear'd by hope, now struck with deep-felt
 awe.

Oh ! grant one spark of that poetic flame,

That Pope illum'd ; thou darling son of fame !

Then shall smooth periods flow in pleasing strains,

And notes melodious sound through Cumbria's plains.

If, Muse, thou hearken'st to my humble pray'r,
 Our white-rob'd heroe's place of birth declare ?

“ Where

“ Where London’s tow’rs o’erlook fair Thames’s
 tide,
 “ Thence trimm’d he sprung in all his shining pride.”
 Thanks, gracious guest ! I feel thy aiding pow’r,
 Descending in a sweet, poetic shower.
 Dim mists ere while enwrapp’d my feeble fight,
 But now dispell’d by thy kind cheering light.

Lord of my purse ! (for poets oft are poor)
 Thou, “ splendid shilling ! ” ---oh ! I have no more---
 How oft did’st thou, in leathern prison pent,
 Debarr’d from shining brethren, thus lament :
 “ Alone ! abandon’d ! why this dire disgrace ?
 “ Why in this dungeon doom’d to hide my face ?
 “ Others, my co-mates, in society mingle,
 “ Rest their still heads, or in sweet concert jingle,
 “ Whilst I, forlorn---oh, cruel, cutting curse !
 “ Mope by myself within a musty purse.”
 But cease, sad monitor ! oh, cease to mourn !
 Thy fortunes yet may take a happier turn !
 Thou drink’st not sorrow’s bitter draught alone ;
 I feel—I share thy ev’ry grieving groan.
 How can my mind enjoy one moment’s ease,
 Whilst the long score exists for bread and cheese ?

How

How must my bosom beat with anxious fears,
Whilst my room's rent stands five weeks in arrears?
At sight of this my suit of fable hue,
Dunners and dungeons rush upon my view.
Nay, when asleep, Queen Mab right seldom fails,
To haunt my brain with bailiffs, and with jails.
Vast bulk of woe! for how can it be less,
When fears by day, by night when dreams distress?

As when a traveller, in starless gloom,
Uncertain of his road, is forc'd to roam:
No village-cur can hear, no foot-marks trace,
To point him, weary'd, to a resting place,
'Till to some cot's far distant, twinkling light,
He aims his foot-steps through the cheerless night.
E'en so with me, depress'd with trouble's load,
Who search, incessant, for some happier road.
At length a path, inviting meets my eye;
My fears subside, and all my terrors fly.
Long hast thou wept; I'll now attempt relief,
Redress thy grievance, and assuage thy grief.
Dost thou not know I'm in the muse's books?
Bask in the beams of her enliv'ning looks?

Did'st

Did'st thou not mark when her melodious tongue
Pronounc'd from whence thy splendid visage sprung?
Thou shalt turn Poet; thy adventures pen—

“ I commence Poet, Sir! how, why, or when?

“ Alas, dear Sir! you dream—you doat. I write?

“ Your too light meals have made your head too
light;

“ It ne'er could else have enter'd in your thoughts,

“ That I should write that near could boast four
groats.

“ The rich may rhyme; can still command pro-
tection;

“ The heaviest purse oft carries wit's election.

“ All-pow'rful gold can worth to knaves dispense,

“ To cowards, courage, and to blockheads, sense.

“ Nay (strange to tell) gold gives Sir Clownish
grace,

“ And stamps deformity with beauty's face.

“ What tho' the muse and you be hand and glove,

“ On me she ne'er yet cast one look of love.

“ Then—the REVIEWERS! mighty name of dread!

“ Will tear the bays, just budding from my dead:

“ Hunt down each line as lawful critic game,

“ And hurl th' Adventures down the hill of fame.

“ Should

" Should their keen eye through wrong-plac'd
comma's peep,

" Sooner be sunk alive in *Plymouth* deep.

" I'd rather bare-foot walk, should they attack,

" From *York* to *London*, and from *London* back.

" Should my poor cause by their high law be try'd,

" I'm cast, condemn'd, catch-penny'd, villify'd!"

Suggestions groundless, visionary fears,

Th' effect of raw, and unexperienc'd years.

Lean to my council, and thy fears shall fly,

Like fogs dispers'd by Phœbus' piercing eye.

First, the Reviewers—pho! brethren of our trade;

Catch-penny traps, the best that e'er were made.

When hammer'd out, then through the streets
they cry them:

" Monthly Reviewers traps! come, come, who'll
by them!"

Next, thou art poor—and poverty's a curse,—

But courage! bad can't well be render'd worse.

Lastly, the muse---a trifle "light as air;"

She must be tickled with a coaxing pray'r.

" Celestial goddess! Rhyme-inspiring maid,

" Descend! with couplets fill my teeming head:

" Plant

" Plant on my barren brow Parnassian bays,
 " And with sweet cadence tune my artless lays!"
 Example this, that seldom---never fails;
 Swoop! she descends ere thou can'st bite thy nails.
 Thou shalt the story of thy life relate,
 The pains, the pleasures of its varying state.
 Rehearse thy tale with smooth, poetic grace:
 Each shall a tester bring---perhaps a brace.
 Then shalt thou sleep beneath a silken shade,
 And golden joys shall light upon my head.
 Begin; the muse propitious be thy friend!
 I'll darn my breeches: thou the pocket mend.

The Adventures of a Shilling.

MY first good master was a Banker's clerk,
 A red-hair'd, raw-bon'd Caladonian spark.
 " By guede Saint Andrew! I'll to London steer;
 " Preferment aye awaits a Scotchman there."
 He left the banks of bonny Aberdeen:
 Shifted the long-kail for the London scene.
 It was his luck a friend at court to meet,
 Who fix'd him in fair *Lombard's* jingling street.

Here

Here what exalted, rapt'rous joys I felt !
 With Portugal's, with England's chiefs I dwelt.
 Johannes', Georges, on the counter hop,
 And chink, chink, chink refounds through all the
 shop.

" Propitious fates !" I cry'd, " attend my pray'r ;
 " May joys like these my ev'ry moment share ! "
 The fates repugnant to my pray'r, ordain,
 One hour of pleasure, but an age of pain.

As when bright vernal suns illumine the sky,
 And ev'ry grove refounds with melody ;
 Sudden the North pours down the chilling rain,
 Or pattering hail-stones powder all the plain ;
 The sun, asham'd to view gay spring's disgrace,
 Veil'd in a cloud, withdraws his blushing face ;
 The feather'd tribes surcease the vocal lay,
 And cling, dejected, to the tottering spray ;
 Anon the low'ring clouds are backward drove ;
 The sun displays his glories from above,
 And vocal airs revive in ev'ry grove. }
 E'en so with me ; Bliss on my head high-crown'd,
 Misfortune's blast shook prostrate to the ground.
 Content's sweet cup, which late regal'd my soul,
 Too soon was chang'd for trouble's bitter bowl.

My

My master's fractur'd shoes across the way,
 At Crispin's stall in close confinement lay,
 And I unhappy ! must their ransom pay. }
 What change ! the tale my pride almost forbids---
 Lodg'd with base brags, and loath'd tobacco quids :
 Instead of my late soft, and filken couch,
 Pent in vile durance in a swine-skin pouch.
 Late the sweet music of gold's chinking sound,
 My heart with joy, each sense with rapture crown'd;
 But now, alas ! I listen to the fall
 Of the harsh hammer in the cobbler's stall.

My apron'd master cobbled strong and tight :
 Sat close all day ; oft-times till twelve at night :
 Slept sound : at day-break left his Truckle-bed,
 To mend old shoes beneath the pent-house shed.
 Soft love was yet a stranger to his breast ;
 Th' insidious lodger ne'er disturb'd his rest.

A Shoe-black wench, with brush and ball in hand,
 Near Crispin's stall each morning took her stand.
 She lov'd his merry songs, his round face more ;
 Her eyes, though silent, spoke it o'er and o'er.
 As far as modesty might say, she said ;
 If not her words, her actions love betray'd.

Her

Her pence for purl, and butter'd pease she sent,
 And on her swain her last brass farthing spent.
 Shoes' good strong seams she ripp'd like rotten
 thrumbs,

That they might sooner reach her cobbler's thumbs.
 All this she did, but all this could not move
 His tongue to tell one tender tale of love.

He whistled 'Black-ey'd Sue' and 'Chevy Chase,'
 But not one note of honest shoe-black Bess.

Oft drooping on her stool she sat reclin'd,
 And thus lamenting, eas'd her love sick mind:

" Cruel insensible! hard-hearted turk!

" Not one kind glance to spare from off thy work?

" To sole-sick shoes well canst thou cures impart;

" Oh! heal the wound that rankles in my heart.

" Not one kind word?---ah, wretched me, forlorn!

" Curs'd be the day wherein poor Bess was born!

" Curs'd be the lamps that, twinkling, shew'd the
 way

" For me, unhappy! down this street to stray;

" 'Twas here---'twas here--- accursed be the place!

" I first beheld; heholding, lov'd thy face:

" Set down my stool in hopes one day to move,

" Thy heart obdurate to return my love.

" But

" But all my flattering hopes, alas! are fled ;
 " Would that poor Bess lay sleeping with the dead!
 " Hard as thy lap-stone is thy heart, I find,
 " To pity callous, and to beauty blind.
 " Is this my pay for purl and butter'd pease ?
 " For ale, and oysters, and for Cheshire cheese ?
 " I willing paid, now two pence, then a groat :
 " Oft pinch'd my own to wet thy thankless throat.
 " I paid my pence----I pawn'd my heart beside.
 " Alas, what doubled ills poor me betide !
 " Nought's left but patience to retrieve my loss ;
 " Would I were fairly back to *Charing-cross*.
 " Absence, perhaps, may ease my wounded heart,
 " Remove thy image, and assuage my smart."
 She took her stool, her brushes, and her ball,
 Then, her last look, and left the Cobler's stall,

" What said the Cobler ?" neither more nor less,
 Than, " If I can't, I can't love shoe-black Bess."
 He whistled---sung---jogg'd in the old beat road,
 Save missing morsels which poor Bess bestow'd.

But now the time approach'd with striding pace
 That chang'd his singing and his whistling case.

One morn his work whilst hands and pincers ply,
Of dumplings hot he heard the tempting cry.
He rais'd his voice : call'd, " dumplings! dump-
lings here !"

His stomach crav'd him for its morning cheer.
Streight at his stall the florid damsel stands :
Presents her dumplings with her unwash'd hands.
He gaz'd : he ate : he gaz'd : when done, he found,
His breast felt heavier by at least four pound.
He call'd her " Angel !" swore, " by mighty
Jove,"

That with her dumplings he had swallow'd love :
And that his awl---love's language names it dart---
Was pinking thro' and thro' his bleeding heart.
Oh ! would she pluck it out, and ease his pain,
He would still faithful, loving still remain :
He'd deck her out in rich and proud array,
In founce and feather, and in garments gay :
He'd crown her sov'reign mistress of his love,
Queen of " that stall," and of " yon rooms above.
" What says my Kate ? What does sweet Katy say ?
" Turn thy face to me ; turn not thus away.
" Cast on thy prostrate swain a pitying eye ;
" Smile and I live ; frown, and I instant die."

Kate

Kate, with her mouth expanded, stood amaz'd :
 Judg'd the man mad, at least full forely craz'd.
 She stretch'd her hand to take her dumpling-due,
 But, recollecting, hastily withdrew :
 " His looks I *likes* not, I protest, and vow."
 She shrugg'd her shoulders, and she shook her head,
 And begg'd the brags might on the board be laid.
 He straight comply'd; when Kate the pence had got,
 She took her leave with, " dumplings, dumplings
 hot! "

His eyes her form, his ears pursu'd her found;
 Vanish'd: his ears he hung, his eyes fix'd on the
 ground.

No more he chaunts the charms of *Black-ey'd Sue*,
 But sadly sighs, " alas, what shall I do!"
 Nor sings of *Chevy-chase*, where hound and horn
 Awoke the infant that was yet unborn.

No more his hammer's heard acaofs the way;
 In melancholy mood he mopes the day.

Half finish'd shoes neglected lie around:
 " How can I work when in Love's fetters bound,
 " My hand unsteady, and my heart not sound?"
 Reflect, ingrate! upon the love-sick Befs;
 If much thou suffer'st, could she suffer less?

How could'st thou hope to share a happier fate,
Thus to have paid her profer'd love with hate?

Night's dusky wings now shade this earthly ball;
No candle twinkles in the Cobler's stall.

“What dire disaster has its influence spread?”

Oh, woeful tale! the love-sick swain lies dead!
Pain'd to the heart that Kate should prove unkind,
Kate he has left, and all life's cares behind.
His faithful strap prov'd his last tragic friend,
Ended those griefs which death could only end.
Within his stall this solemn sentence lies:

“Kate's cruelty has clos'd the Cobler's eyes.”

To death's dark mansion by his mates convey'd,
The Cobler sleeps. What havoc death has made?
The Crispins cry'd---reflections nought avail---
They drown their sorrows in a draught of ale.

For coffin, shroud, and for the hearse's aid---
This charge funereal yet remains unpaid.
Each place, each pocket bears the prying touch
Of Solemn's hands; nor 'scapes the 'bacco pouch.
This grief mark'd spoiler, bird of Harpy kind,
Makes the last sweep, nor leaves e'en ME behind.

Now

Now am I dragg'd to Solemn's house of woe ;
 A place more rueful eye yet never saw.
 A dismal scene ! where'er you turn your eye,
 Each object shews—that Kings and Coblers die.
 Coffins on coffins pil'd stand round in rows ;
 A dimly lamp their dusky brightness shews.
 Scarfs, hat-bands, cloaks (death's ensigns) wave in air;
 Escutcheon'd honours round the wainscot glare.
 The shroud, (death's wrapping gown) the mourn-
 ful pall,
 Add to the woeful scene, and shade the wall ;
 The Tyrants whole regalia ready at a call.
 We quit this scene, and inward now retire :
 Meet Madam Solemn by the parlour fire.
 “ My dear!---and well---and how did all things go?”
 ‘ A poor affair---some fifteen pounds or so.
 “ But fifteen pounds ! now by my life swear---
 ‘ I got the whole---the rogue was curst bare.
 “ Ere I'd have bury'd him for fifteen pound,
 “ He should have stunk, and rotted above ground.
 “ But fifteen pounds ! poor, sorry, paltry sum !---
 “ The D---l, for me, should borne him to his home.
 “ Had'st no dissecting Surgeon in thy view ?”
 ‘ The cur was crook'd---he would by no means do.’

“ Mechanic slave ! but say, my dear ! relate
“ The page last penn’d within your book of fate.”
Solemn produc’d his book, and thus he read :
“ First ; the rich Packer---him I prick as dead.
“ I held close conf’rence with his spouse to day ;’
“ All signs are fled ; he doats---begins to pray”---
“ Then gave directions, plain---fans sob, or tear---
“ Rich pickings, love ! a brace of hundreds clear.
“ Next, the fat Alderman, whose pond’rous paunch,
“ Is swell’d with turtle, and with fav’ry haunch,
“ At the last city-feast insur’d his fate,
“ Where for the public good he sweat----and ate.
“ A surfeit fever ; this night makes him mine ;
“ Thanks to the Norfolk turkeys, and the Chine !
“ Portfoken’s Deputy, with puff’d up face,
“ Totters to death on his last legs apace.
“ His six good bottles, nightly quaff’d with glee,
“ In six short days consigns him o’er to me.
“ Well-fare the doctor’s drug, and sparkling bowl.
“ These, love ! the springs that make our chariot roll.
“ Should these two friends withdraw their kindly aid,
“ Then might yon coffins rot untenanted.
“ Next, the deaf Taylor in St. Clement-danes-----
“ But the man’s poor---the lord relieve his pains !’

Thus

Thus he went on without or halt or stop,
Till he had fill'd each coffin in his shop.
The fight of supper, and of good brown ale,
Stopp'd his wide mouth, and clos'd his deadly tale.

Night's reign is past : the sun's two hours begun;
Enter the nurse with Solemn's squalling son.

' Come to thy dad, my Dick, my darling joy!
' Peace, wrangler, peace! see, what a precious toy!"
He grop'd his pocket : ME he chanc'd to pick
From out the rest, and gave me to young Dick :
Then Dick to Nan; the boy seem'd wond'rous glad,
Danc'd in her arms, and smiling, cry'd, ' dad, dad!'

Nan to the door now took her silenc'd charge,
To view the wonders of the street at large.
She lov'd at coxcombs, and at crowds to stare,
As well, at least, as Solemn's son and heir.
A giddy wench ; as you shall hear anon :
" O Jemini ! my stars ! the shilling's gone !"
She fought both high and low : she fought all round,
But fought in vain ; I'm no where to be found.
'Twas *munstrous* strange she did *purtest* and vow,
Where this same shilling could have gotten to ;

" Declar'd

Declar'd, that after all was done and said,
 She sooner would have lost her maiden head.
 Here lay the truth; Nan's eyes found full employ,
 They fix'd on fops, ne'er glanc'd upon the boy.
 Dick seiz'd the occasion : tofs'd me in the street,
 Trod soon in mire by feet succeeding feet.

I now, at leisure, view'd the passing crowd,
 And moraliz'd upon the multitude.
 Behold yon child matur'd of twenty one,
 Jehu-like drive his flaming phaeton !"
 Some beauteous bride, sure, spurs his rapid haste---
 Not so ; he flies the sweets of dice to taste.
 He shakes the box ; the dyes two aces fall ;
 Adieu, content---gold---chariot---horses all !
 Next, view that hoary child of sixty eight !
 His knocking knees scarce bear his feeble weight.
 His cane propt body, bending forward, bows.
 ' Hark ! the bell rings : he crawls to pay his vows.'
 Ah no, my friend !—his blazing, jewell'd whore---
 'Tis her's he seeks, not sacred worship's door.
 Return mad dotard ! impotence, return !
 Strange that the blood of icy age should burn !

Whilst

Whilst thus I mus'd, a Miser's poring eye,
 My mud-besmeared visage chanc'd to spy.
 With hasty, trembling hand he rais'd my head,
 And with like haste into his pouch convey'd.
 What pleasing joys now play'd around my heart,
 To think that I should ease affliction's smart.
 He seem'd a wretch furcharg'd with misery,
 Sore blighted by black blasts of poverty.
 His hat, slouch'd down, convey'd, like pent-house
 shed,

The falling shower from off his aged head ;
 And serv'd to keep, not to one use confin'd,
 In place of wig, his ears from chilling wind.
 His coat, diseas'd with patches, seem'd to shew
 Extreamest want, accumulated woe.
 His other corresponding parts of dress,
 Gasping disclose a tale of deep distress.
 The miserable place of his abode,
 In the deep recess of an ally stood.

Windows close barr'd, though broke at ev'ry pane,
 Exclude admittance to the thieving train,
 To all, save to the whistling wind and beating rain.

The weighty key, with wards full intricate,
 Repels the bolts with harsh, and jarring grate.

Enter'd,

Enter'd, he quick re-fastens ev'ry bar,
Lest skulking rogues should rush in unaware.
Himself worst thief! his maw he robs of meat,
His mind of comfort, and his limbs of heat.
To the strong iron chest in haste he flies,
The chest wherein his god---his treasure lies.
He rais'd the massy lid to cheer his sight,
And bless'd his maker---for his bags were right.
A rueful place! unfurnish'd was the room,
Save by the hangings of the spider's loom.
Chimney there was; but lest thieves should descend,
Strong, cross-fix'd bars that avenue defend.
Nor feel his lungs from the repelled smoke;
No cheering flame illumines the cob-webb'd nook.
A rug protects him from night's noxious air;
Various its hues, but all alike thread-bare.
His chest for table serv'd, for chair and bed;
He fate, he eat, and on it stretch'd his head.
When night, sleep's nurse, lull'd weary'd eyes to rest,
He, waking, mus'd upon his iron chest:
Counts o'er his treasures which beneath him lay,
By night his mind's, his eyes' solace by day.
Should nature nod, and busy fancy's train,
Ill-boding dreams intrude upon the brain,

He,

He, starting, wakes : calls with loud energy,
 " Fire! murder! thieves! death, hell and robbery!"
 Nor thinks he dreams, till the lamp's feeble light,
 Becalms his soul, and shews his treasures right.
 A scratching mouse strikes terror to his mind ;
 He hears thieves' signals in the whistling wind ;
 Hourly distress'd. Are these the pleasures then
 That gold bestows upon the sons of men ?
 To mammon's god is this the worship paid ?
 Must the mind's peace be on his altar laid !
 And will mad mortals thus their souls torment ?
 Must fortune's favours prove their punishment !

Six days I pin'd in Gripus' custody,
 When fate relenting, gave me liberty.
 One morn repeated raps the mansion shook,
 And from his golden dreams the wretch awoke---
 " Mercy! my gold!" starting, he strenuous cry'd;
 " Spare, spare my gold---take me, take all beside---
 " Soft! 'twas the door"---and tremblingly drew
 near ;
 The Baker's voice dispell'd each jealous fear.
 Gripus with me defray'd the Baker's score ;
 I bid the wretch adieu, and ne'er beheld him more.

Long

Long I remain'd not in the Baker's hand ;
For thus the stars, that rule my fate, command.
My Lady Midnight's antiquated maid
Receiv'd ME when the Baker's bill she paid.

Gods ! what a change ! vicissitude how sweet !
From cob-webb'd scenes, to scenes of splendid state.
The clock struck *twelve* ; high breakfast time it
seem'd ;

Four boards with tea, and dear detraction teem'd.
Here fate the females in gradation due,
From madam *House-keeper* to scullion *Sue*,
Their tongues, hung glib in scandal, spiteful sound,
And, at each knell, a reputation wound.
High-life they copy ; their superiors ape,
A beauty wrinkle, or distort a shape.
Should one, deficient in high-breeding's law,
The awkward marks of modest feelings shew,
She runs the gauntlet of th' enlighten'd rest ;
Each tongue attacks her with each taunting jest.
The maid, laugh'd out of modesty, through pride
Adopts the *ton*, and floats down folly's tide.
As the poole's eddy oft attractive draws,
Alike the rubbish nettle, and the rose ;

So

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 285

So folly's streams fair virtue oft entice
To swim; then sink her in the depths of vice.

"Where all the foot-men?"---in their proper
place---

O'er cold roast-beef devoutly saying grace.
I paid no small attention to the cook
And butler at burnt brandy in the nook.

The china and the chine now both remov'd,
A game at whist's propos'd: propos'd, approv'd.
The butler and my dame the battle wage,
Contra' my lady's maid, and *John* the page.
And now the pasteboard combatants fly round;
Queens fall, and vanquish'd monarchs kiss the
ground.

'Tis past: the shilling "battle's lost and won."
What could withstand the force of footman *John*?
He prick'd, he pack'd, and the long shuffle us'd:
Could turn for trump whatever card he chus'd:
Would cards revoke, cards in his coat-sleeve hide:
Knew all the rules of mighty *Hoyle* beside:
Gambler profess'd: a subtle, knowing hand;
Few noblemen his match within the land.

I now with *Barbara* repose at ease,
And join sweet concert with her jingling keys.

The clock struck two : my lady's bell a score ;
Bab sprung elastic : strode across the floor ;
Then up the stairs pursu'd her rapid rout ;
The boards scarce felt the pressure of her foot.
She now approach'd her ladyship's bed side :

“ Madam ! awake ! ” heigh-ho ! my lady cry'd.

“ I fear bad rest has been this night decreed,

“ So soon to wake ”—heigh-ho ! bad rest indeed !

“ A cordial, if your ladyship thought fit,

“ Would prove this morn, of sov'reign benefit :

“ 'Twould sleep dispel, and drown each dull complaint,

“ And rouge your cheeks without the aid of paint.

“ Say, my sweet lady ! shall your vassal go ? ”

Content—I'm mighty dull indeed ! heigh-ho !

Bab' pour'd the Nantz, and on the pillow plac'd :

“ What smell ! what colour ! but oh, what a taste ! ”

My lady drank---“ I do protest and swear,

“ Your ladyship wears quite a diff'rent air ;

“ Your eyes before shone with a ray divine,

“ But now with more than heav'nly lustre shine.

“ No

- " No say !---last night's luxurious scenes relate !
 " Did smiling fortune on your hand await ?
 " Did her kind influence, and her aid benign,
 " Kings, queens, knaves, aces to your care consign?
 " But wherefore ask?---if dreams aright declare---
 " I view'd the scene: fleet fancy wing'd me there.
 " Methought I saw---and think I see it now---
 " Bright joy sat beaming on your beauteous brow.
 " With grace you touch each card: with skill
 command
 " Sir Pam, Spadillo ever in your hand.
 " The shining heap own'd you its sov'reign dame; }
 " Beaux view'd your beauty, and forgot their }
 game,
 " Sigh'd, simper'd, su'd, and fann'd the plea- }
 sing flame. }
 I faint---I faint---the cordial---fly---oh fly---
 Refetch the cordial, or I instant die.
 " Kind heav'ns! whence springs this gust of sud-
 den grief?
 " But the bless'd cordial will bestow relief.

Th' ambrosia brought, my lady rais'd her head,
 Sipp'd, roll'd her eyes, and, sighing, thus she said:

" Ah

- “ Ah me ! these woes can woman’s weakness bear ?
“ Thy screech-owl dreams have wak’d last night’s
despair.
“ Visions ill-boding have my sleep distress ;
“ Why tell thy dreams to wound my waking rest ?
“ Last night, alas ! false, fickle fortune fled
“ My courting arms, and hid her haggard head.
“ Long, long I try’d to turn the rising scale,
“ But all my arts and all my efforts fail.
“ Pam, and Spadillo turn their backs ingrate,
“ And gold and jewels share one gen’ral fate.
“ Thrice did this hand, uplifted high in air,
“ Direct its force against this bosom bare :
“ Thrice frantic struck the board with furious sound :
“ Tore my lov’d locks, and toss’d them on the
ground ;
“ Then, thus dishevell’d, down the stairs I flew,
“ Curs’d the whole pack : kings, queens, Spadill’,
and Loo.”
She ceas’d and, sighing, sorrowfully mourn’d ;
Grief fill’d her eyes : her cheeks with brandy burn’d.
Tears gush’d at last to ease her weighty woe :
“ Flow—flow (she cry’d) ye streams, for ever flow !

“ These

" These eyes no more shall view bright pleasure's
day,

" The Colonel ogle, or the cards survey.

" These eyes no more shall dart along the Mall,

" Transfix a lac'd coat, or a lord affail :

" No more lov'd Shock shall view, or th' heav'n-
lov'd queen,

" Would they were clos'd, or that they ne'er had
seen !"

Sweet lady, patience——

" Patience ! preach patience to wild winter's roar ;

" When stung with wounds, preach to the raging
boar ;

" Will roaring Boreas calm at thy command ?

" The boar cease foaming, crouch, and lick thy
hand ?

" How then can patience my keen anguish charm,

" And of its pointed arrows grief disarm ?

" Can patience last night's rueful chance rescind ?

" Ah, no !—hence, give it to the howling wind,

" No more—be silent—as thou'd'st shun my hate.

" Silence best suits my melancholy state."

She roll'd her maudlin eyes, and beat her breast,

Wept, wrung her hands, and rav'd herself to rest.

Bab's eyes now plenteous pour'd their briny store;
 Could they refrain? "be silent," and "no more."
 But long she wept not; though her tongue was ty'd,
 Loose were her feet, and ev'ry sense beside.
 She gain'd the window with impatient bound,
 Lifted the sash, and, lolling, star'd around.
 Her piercing glances, messengers of woe,
 Wound hearts unguarded in the street below.
 She loll'd triumphant in her lofty stand,
 Oft touch'd her fore-head to display her hand.
 What though no diamond blaze with lustre bright,
 Her hand's well turn'd, and tolerable white.
 She furl'd her fan with flaps resounding loud
 To catch th' attention of the passing crowd.
 She bar'd her bosom midway to the waist,
 To shew the swelling beauties of her breast.
 O, Temp'ra, Mores! oh, eternal shame!
 Shall menial mortals ape the titled dame?

A chariot stops; ' my stars! who should this be?
 ' The Colonel, by my dear virginity!
 ' Madam! my lady! meet her love or hate,
 ' I now must speak—the Colonel's at the gate."
 " Colonel! kind heav'n! (half waken'd, staring wild)
 " Bless my good thoughts!—did't say the Colonel,
 child? " He—

- “ He—he—the Colonel: he, whose winning air,
“ Whose sword and scarlet captivate the fair.
“ Confus’d—perplex’d! what course shall I pursue?
“ Run—stay—haste, fly!—return, what wouldst
 thou do?
“ How can I see him, when in sorrow drown’d?
“ Eyes red with weeping will affright not wound.”
“ Shall I then say your ladyship’s not well,
“ And can’t be seen?” “ No; furies, death, and hell!
“ Did I say that? stupidity’s dull goose!
“ Where is thy Lord? ‘An’t please you, at the
 house.’
“ Fly then, dear girl, on haste wing’d pinions fly!
“ Bring—bring him up; I with impatience die.

Bab, smiling, left the room with rapid stride:
Ran down: return’d: the Colonel by her side.
She was a girl with much of prudence crown’d;
She left the parties, as in duty bound.

Sighing for Mechlin and for Minionet,
Bab, fally’d forth in search of Tavistock-street;
There rapturous view’d in gay profusion spread,
Lappets and lace, beads, bonnets, and brocade.

At length a top knot, tow'ring high in pride,
Ravish'd her sight, and forc'd ME from her side.

Here youthful nymphs, rang'd round in smiling
rows,

With steel-arm'd fingers wound the willing gauze.
Nor that alone ; their eyes, bright weapons, wound
That insect tribe, fops, buzzing, fluttering round.
These croud in shoals : here take their daily stations :
Talk smut, tear tuckers, and make assignations.

Gimp was a lady both well dress'd and bred,
Flounc'd to the heels, and feather'd on the head.
Then for her breeding——'twas of high degree ;
She copy'd close the dames of quality.
Like them she powders, and like them she paints,
The park the play-house, and her *poll* frequents.
Like them for quadrill's vigils qualify'd,
She plays her gold, and pawns her charms beside.
Like them, borne on dear dissipation's wing,
She flies to operas, auctions, and the ring.
Like them she joins the midnight masquing train,
Where vice and folly hold their antic reign.
Like them, she drives to court, our gracious queen
To see, but chiefly that herself be seen.

If

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If SHOCK, sweet creature! chance to catch a cold,
 He's pity'd, pamper'd, and in flannel roll'd ;
 But should distress in plaintive accents crave,
 Like them, " begone you baggage! or you knave!"
 If costly china clash upon the ground,
 She trembling, faints, in flowing sorrows drown'd;
 But should death snatch her only darling son,
 Like them, " dear soul!—but heav'n's high will be
 done !"

Routs, drums, ridottas roll successive round,
 Each scene in pleasure's polish'd shackles bound,

Her pastimes these ; her penance let us view,
 When seated, rustling, in the sacred pew.
 Here she behaves with high bred, courtly grace ;
 Smiles up to heaven : laughs in the parson's face :
 Makes audible responses of the pray'rs,
 In the sweet quiverings of Italian airs :
 Fixes her eyes on heav'n——or on a beau,
 And deep contemplates godly things——below.
 When the grave doctor talks, " oh the vile fright !
 " To sound sin, death, and hell in ears polite !"
 When mercy---grace---repentance, and the grave,---
 " The man is mad, and must, undoubted, rave.

- “ Shocking! such dull and dismal texts to preach;
“ They well may terrify, but ne’er can teach.
“ But education, not the man’s to blame;
“ He ne’er read Hoyle: at whist ne’er try’d a game:
“ A play ne’er saw, nor yet an opera dance:
“ Ne’er took a trip to Tunbridge, or to France;
“ Nay much I question, was the truth but known,
“ If e’er he saw Vauxhall, or Marybone.
“ Had he thus study’d, travell’d, these things seen,
“ His preaching then had worth the hearing been.
“ Had he, in lieu of Latin, and cramp’d Greek,
“ Learnt in the stile of courtly ease to speak;
“ Charming! to hear him thus exhorting cry:”

Fly to the play: to the Pantheon fly!

Let routs, ridotta’s sink deep in your mind;

To Foote, and fiddlers be ye still inclin’d;

Let the dear cards your deep devotion share;

At red-coats flutter, and at coxcombs stare.

Fly to the tiolet: patch and paint uncase,

And touch each feature till it glow with grace.

Affail your Lords: fret, flatter, coax and curse,

’Till the last forest falls to fill your purse.

“ Such taking texts as these had pleas’d the whole:

“ Lords, ladies, cits, pimps, players, whores, and all,

“ Then,

“ Then, like the court the church had fill’d apace,
 “ And shin’d with stars, and garters, and her grace.
 “ Nay, aldermen had heard such texts sublime,
 “ And, maugre custom, wak’d whole sermon-time.
 “ But such impertinent harangues---oh, lard!
 “ I shan’t be fit this day to turn a card.”

Such was Dame Gimp’s devout soliloquy,
 Who copy’d close the modes of quality;
 Nor ever err’d, such was her dext’rous skill,
 Save that (sometimes) she paid a tradesman’s bill.

The time was now arriv’d, when I must quit,
 The high-flown semstrefs for the humble cit.
 A citizen, in sober suit array’d,
 Presents his bill! his bill was instant paid.
 Gimp told ME down with three score of my kin;
 Inkle stretch’d wide his bag, and swept us in.

My new possessor, in the way of trade,
 By *hook* or *crook* had a fair fortune made.
 Ribbons and tape he sold per ell, or yard,
 Twist by the ounce, and buttons by the card.
 Taylors in slippers from each lane repair;
 His shop was each day crowded like a fair.

On Sunday he cast up the week's account,
And prais'd his maker---for the fair amount.

Full forty springs had wak'd the youthful year,
Since Inkle first respir'd the vital air;
And yet unwif'd; fly Cupid's love-wing'd dart,
Had ne'er yet pierc'd the passage to his heart.
But not long thus; what man that still remains
Free from love's pleasing, love's perplexing pains?
One ev'ning, when the counter's toils were o'er,
And not one customer approach'd the door,
Divested of his apron, and his care,
He sought the sweets of Moor-fields' fresher air.
'Twas that sweet season when the ominous strains
Of cuckow! cuckow! fly along the plains,
The sun was sunk low down the Western sky,
And Bedlam's spires beam'd fainter on the eye.
Here whilst he walk'd, and view'd each passing fair,
Each beauteous form, and each bewitching air,
Gay Teraminta pass'd; her radiant charms,
Fill'd Inkle's bosom with love's soft alarms
'Transfix'd he stood in motionless amaze,
His feet forgot to move, but not his eyes to gaze.
At length, thus flattr'ing, with obsequious bow:
" Pardon---intrusion---charms---heart ever true"---

Well-

Well-pleas'd, she listen'd to the tender tale;
 He urg'd with ardour, and his vows prevail,
 For ere bright Sol withdrew his last faint ray,
 She blush'd "to-morrow" for the bridal-day.
 They now unwilling bid the last good-night,
 And anxious wait the morn's returning light.

Stretch'd on his couch the restless lover lies,
 For sleep's soft god his balmy aid denies,
 Save one short hour; but 'twas an hour of bliss,
 The picture of approaching happiness.
 He dreamt of purling streams, and cool retreats,
 Of beds of roses, and of woodbin'd seats,
 And of Ter'minta, breathing all their sweets.
 Far other thoughts fill'd Teraminta's head,
 Who, wide awake, thus, wild with transport, said.
 "Blest chance, to lead my undetermin'd feet,
 "To Moor-fields' lawns, there Inkle's eyes to meet!
 "Give me the man, whose purse, with thousands
 crown'd,
 "Will aid my steps to tread gay pleasure's round.
 "Inkle has wealth; to spend it I'm the dame,
 "Else Teraminta ne'er more be my name!

"Bright

" Bright joys shall now crown all my nights and
days,

" With filks and fattins, Sadlers-wells, and plays.

" A set of gold-enamell'd china, rare,

" Shall on the costly board refulgent glare.

" A silver vase, supreme in pride shall beam,

" To pour the coffee's brown ambrosial steam.

" Gay, gold-ting'd jars of Ind' shall grace the scene,

" And verdant forests wave upon my screen,

" A foot-boy in my service I'll retain,

" To carry compliments, and bear my train.

" What heart-felt joys will in my bosom glow,

" When from the front-box handed by a beau,

" Link-boys resounding *Inkle's foot-boy---ho!*

" The grocer's wife rides in her one-horse chair,

" And, by this hand, I'll drive my chaise and pair.

" Females on foot shall then with envy gaze,

" And clear the coast for Madam Inkle's chaise."

Thus, tho' awake she tasted sweet repose,

'Till the bright sun from Western worlds arose.

And now the toilet's busy toil begins,

O'erspread with puffs, pomatums, and with pins.

Powder and petticoats bestrew the ground,

And scented odours shed their sweets around.

The

The ample wardrobe spreads before her eye;
 This robe too light, that wears too deep a dye.
 This ribbon's faded, and that cap's a fright;
 This patch is wrong, and that's not plac'd aright.
 She pins: unpins: puts on: puts off again;
 "This gown is scowr'd;" and that "ye gods!
 a stain."——

What should she do in such perplexity,
 When this not pleases, that quite shocks her eye?
 Caps are condemn'd, and beads, disbanded, fly.

The knocker now, with loud and lengthen'd roar,
 Proclaims the timely bridegroom at the door.

"He comes! he comes!--but why, ah why so soon?"

"I'm almost nak'd"---and huddled on her gown.

"I little dreamt"---and quick approach'd the glass--

"That he'd have come these three hours yet, alas.

"I did propose"---her cap she hurry'd on---

"This day in nice exactness to have shone;

"But there's no remedy; 'tis now too late;

"'Twere mighty rude to make a bridegroom wait;

"So must e'en go"---her hat now shades her
 brow---

"Just as I am---a fright---I don't know how."

She

She tripp'd down stairs in this unfinish'd guise,
To bless her swain's impatient, longing eyes.
They fondling sit till th' hour of eight approach,
Then drive to *Love-lane* in a hackney-coach.
The holy man before the altar stands,
And joins their never-to-be parted hands.
Each new-born day improves their mutual bliss ;
Each hour bestows encreasing happiness.
Nought's heard but harmony to greet the ear ;
With, " yes, my love!" and by " all means my
dear !"

If these the pleasures unallay'd with pain,
Who would not join bright Hymen's blissful train ?
Thus EIGHT whole nights and days revolving
pass'd ;
But all things change ; can *love* for ever last ?
How fraught with change are all terrestrial things ?
To-day gives peace ; to-morrow discord brings.
The NINTH sun rose upon their nuptial state,
Big with dire mischiefs, and disasters great.
This fatal morn, whilst o'er their tea they sat,
In loving mood discoursing this and that :
" And what to-day, my dear ! or boil'd or roast ?"
The husband cry'd, and handed up the toast.

" A

- “ A leg of mutton boil’d,” the dame reply’d,
 “ With turnips, and a pudding boil’d beside.”
 “ A pudding boil’d,” in tone somewhat uncivil—
 “ I hate boil’d pudding as I hate the devil.
 “ We’ll have it bak’d; bak’d pudding’s much the
 best’—
 “ Of all meat kind bak’d pudding I detest.
 “ It shall be boil’d---nay, ne’er tofs down the toast---
 “ I’ll boil it, poz! yes, and the mutton roast.”
 “ It shall be bak’d, I swear by mighty Jove!
 “ It shall be bak’d, by all the pow’rs above!”
 “ Matchless effrontry! foul and dire disgrace!
 “ These nails shall print my vengeance on thy
 face;

Her bosom swell’d with rage, and rent her lacc.
 With fury flashing from her eyes she rose,
 But chance stepp’d in to save poor Inkle’s nose.
 Such was her haste, she tripp’d the table o’er,
 And, following, thump’d upon the sounding floor,
 There, shrilly shrieking, sprawl’d upon the ground,
 Cups, saucers, cream-jugs jingling all around.
 Her mate, with eyes and ears wide open, saw,
 And heard the clam’rous, clashing scene of woe.

Dame

Dame *Prudence* whisper'd, and he took the hint;
 He turn'd his back upon his *Teramint*.
 Nor pudding bak'd, nor boil'd now fill'd his head,
 He look'd confusion, and affrighted fled;
 Nor, till the shop he gain'd, once look'd behind,
 There pensive fate, in musing mood reclin'd,
 Woes yet to come revolving in his mind.
 Well might the bard in truthful numbers sing,
 "What dire effects from trivial causes spring?"
 Now shall this pudding, I would pawn my life,
 Seal the divorce to part this man and wife.
 Where's now thy foot-boy, *Teraminta*? where
 Thy screens, thy china, and thy chaise and pair?
 All, all are vanish'd like a morning dream;
 Support, ye gods! support the sinking dame.
 A gay young lady, now approach'd the door,
 She came some female trinkets to procure.
 Custom was dear to *Inkle* as his life;
 And at this time full dearer than his wife.
 At thoughts of profit jarrs domestic fled;
 He prick'd his ears and rais'd his drooping head.
 He kiss'd his hand, and with obsequious air,
 Enquires the pleasure of the accomplish'd fair.

Some

Some trappings ornamental she requir'd ;
Took me in change and gracefully retir'd.

Stella (for that her name) was grac'd with charms,
Which might have blest'd the mightiest monarch's
arms.

Her eyes shone brighter than the solar ray ;
Her lips breath'd all the scented sweets of May.
Her teeth were white as ivory, neck as snow,
And on her cheeks ne'er-fading roses blow.
Her head was crown'd with locks of auburn hue,
Such, as e'en beauty's queen might, envying, view.
Her shape was symmetry, her motion grace ;
Language too poor each various charm to trace.
All that young poets, spurr'd by love's alarms,
Have yet enraptur'd sung of beauty's charms,
Paints not the portrait of each pleasing grace,
Which shone superior in fair Stella's face.
Her thoughts with rigid virtue ardent glow,
With zeal to heaven and love to all below.
Inspir'd by charity's diffusive charms,
To woe's sad sons she open'd wide her arms.
Gay without pride, sincere without a guile,
When virtue wept, Stella ne'er wore a smile.

The

The vile Lothario view'd the virgin prize,
 And mark'd her for his sensual sacrifice.
 Train'd in seduction's diabolic school,
 He long had practis'd each infernal rule.
 Not few the females, plung'd in grief and shame,
 That curs'd the perjur'd, false Lothario's name.
 On Stella now he try'd each tempting art;
 Which tongue could feign, or specious words
 impart ;
 He pour'd sweet poison on her virgin heart.
 He sigh'd, and swore by all the pow'rs above,
 And, prostrate, urg'd his well-dissembled love.
 She heard and felt his vows steal to her heart ;
 Painful they pleas'd, and pain'd with pleasing smart.
 She lov'd, 'tis true, but arm'd in virtuous mail,
 Not all his damn'd, demoniac arts prevail,
 She spurn'd indignant at dishonour's tale.
 Resolv'd to triumph o'er the stubborn prize,
 To his infernal last resource he flies.
 He call'd somniferous potions to his aid,
 And practis'd on the unsuspecting maid.
 Close chain'd in sleep while Stella's senses lie,
 He snatch'd the inglorious opportunity ;

Then

Then fled ignoble : left the ravish'd fair
To wake to woe, to anguish and despair.
Damn'd deed ! gape hell, infernal furies, rise,
And, ripe for ruin, seize your proper prize !

Behold her now, absorb'd in hear-felt woe !
Groans load the air, and tears, fast streaming, flow ;
She shrieks amain with plaintive, piteous cries ;
Then, drooping, sinks her head---she faints ! she dies !
Had it pleas'd heav'n that here had ceas'd her pain---
But ah ! she breathes---she looks---she lives again.
Grief's blighting hand now touch'd her throbbing
breast ;

Each fading grace the ravisher confess'd.
Her eyes no more their radiance sweet display,
Her roses die, and all her charms decay.
Vanquish'd by woe, to languishment a prey,
Dethroned reason yields its sov'reign sway.
Fell phrenzy's bands usurp their madd'ning reign ;
She raves : she weeps : smiles : sings, and weeps
again.

Lo ! the distracted Trifler's busy care ;
With flowers fantastical she decks her hair,

Anon she tears them from her beauteous head :

“ Tell me not so ; ’tis false ; Lothario’s dead !”

She wreathes a flowery crown of various hue :

“ Thus to adorn my lov’d Lothario’s brow.

“ Conduct him, Angels ! to my eyes impart

“ His form ; I’ll crown him sov’reign---oh ! my
heart.

“ My nuptial robes ! he will appear anon,

“ I’ll dress me gay”---then heav’d a piteous groan.

“ He comes ! he comes ! with flowers bestrew the
way ;

“ This is Lothario’s---Stella’s nuptial day.

“ Welcome !---I’ll lead thee to the bridal bed ;

“ Alas ! thy hand is cold---dead, dead, dead, dead !”

“ Take him, ah ! take him to his clay cold grave ;

“ Tear him, ye furies !---angels, angels, save !

“ Bring, bring him back---oh, once more bless my
eyes !”

She shrieks : she falls : she faints : she sighs : she
dies !

View this ye Libertine Lotharios, view !

Reflect, reform, and virtue’s paths pursue.

Why, gracious heav’n ! plunge virtue in despair ?

In woes too great for human strength to bear ?

But

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 307

But all is 'right' omniscient pow'r deems meet ;
Earth's bitter woes shall make heav'n's bliss more
sweet.

Stella no more, through various scenes I fly,
And light at last in the King's Treasury:
Immur'd amidst my kindred here await,
The future mandate of all-ruling fate.

My mates, in thronging thousands wing their flights,
To pension'd lords, and pamper'd parasites.
Commission'd millions daily take their rout,
To feed disease dogs, doxies, and the gout :
To purchase venal votes are forc'd to fly,
And in base Brib'ry's loathed service die.
All this I saw---and more ; but why relate
What all eyes see ? the flimsy tricks of state.

Again I move : am sent, by fate's commands,
To Boston's shores to pay the British bands.
Pent in the packet, 'midst a shining train,
I quickly fly across th' Atlantic main.

Queen of the West ! late opulent and great,
How chang'd, O Boston ! from thy pristine state !

No more the fleets of commerce croud thy shore ;
The sons of traffic croud thy streets no more.
War's bulwarks float terrific on thy coasts ;
Thy streets are throng'd with war-beplumed hosts.
No more bright plough-shares in thy soil appear ;
Chang'd now to deadly implements of war.
Thy plain no more with crops luxuriant waves ;
Its surface broke for its possessors graves.
Of rural songs no more is heard the sound ;
War's dreadful din, loud thundering, roars around.
No more bright prospects charm the nymphs and
 swains ;

Bellona's visage blackens all thy plains.
Fair order sicken'd at the sight and fled,
And rude confusion rear'd its hydra head.

Say, muse, whence springs these scenes of weighty
 woe ?

From what contaminated fountains flow ?

AMBITION ! Is it thee, with thy fell band,

Spread'st desolation o'er Bostonia's land ?

At thy proud nod must Britain's treasures fly,

To purchase woes, and lasting infamy ?

And must brave British blood in rivers flow,

To glut thy rav'nous, execrable maw ?

Gloss

Gloss o'er Taxation with what terms you will,
 It must be *Tyranny*——Taxation still.
 But stop, my muse! forego thy generous flame;
 Unsafe the task these virtuous truths to name.
 Mourn, then, in silent, sympathetic strains,
 O'er wretched Boston, and its ravag'd plains.
 Rouse! Patriots, rouse!——
 Stand forth and boldly aid Britannia's cause,
 Staunch all her wounds, and wipe off all her woes.
 Thou, god-like *Richmond*! 'tis to thee the muse
 Looks up; thy bleeding country's cause espouse,
 Arm'd in the mail of upright truth appear,
 And stem corruption in its mad career,
 Stedfast in virtue, and in council great,
 Shield, save the nation from impending fate. ——

Chance cast the dye: to youthful *Edward's* share
 Decreed, I mingle with the sons of war.
 Whilst yet he breath'd the air of Albion's skies,
 The beauteous Anna met his wond'ring eyes.
 He saw: and sighing, beauty's force confess'd
 The soft intruder rag'd within his breast.
 With manly eloquence he woo'd the maid;
 Nor woo'd in vain: she love for love repaid.

Now Hymen's torch its purest flame imparts ;
The priest their hands, and heav'n unites their hearts.
When duty call'd across the raging main,
The faithful Anna join'd the martial train.
Nor raging seas, nor dreadful war's alarms,
Could stay fair Anna from her Edward's arms.
Here first I view'd her on Bostonia's strand,
When chance consign'd me to her soldier's hand.

War's shocking scene now spreads wide o'er the
plain,
Painted with blood, and pil'd with heaps of slain.
The massy bombs obliquely mount on high,
And roll tremendous down the adverse sky.
Their weights enormous shake the solid ground,
And, bursting, dart their dire destructions round.
Oft times they break, whilst yet in air they glow,
And shower down splinter'd deaths on all below.
The hoarse mouth'd ordnance thunder from afar,
And drums and trumpets join the clang of war.
Each coming breeze conveys the wounded's groans,
The Widow's wailings, and the mother's moans :
The hoary headed father's feeble cry,
And the betrothed virgin's heart-heav'd sigh.

These

These mourn a husband, lover, son, no more !
Now lifeless stretch'd, and stiff'ning in their gore.

Whilst thousands meet of death the leaden doom,
Safety's kind genius sat on Edward's plume :
With guarding hand wav'd off each deadly ball ;
Unwounded Edward stands whilst thousands fall.
But ah ! yon sun that streaks the East with red,
Must view him breathless, number'd with the dead.
His soul, presaging, feels unwanted weight,
And inward whispers his approaching fate.
He droop'd ; but 'twas not for himself he mourn'd ;
A nobler passion in his bosom burn'd ;
He wept his Anna, and her infant charge,
When left to want, and the wide world at large.

Drums beat to arms : no longer must he stay ;
Edward must join the dangers of the day.
His looks firm, manly tenderness express'd ;
The husband, father, soldier, shone confest ;
He sooth'd his Anna, and his babes caress'd :
Now bids the last farewell with falt'ring tongue,
Then rush'd to mingle with the martial throng.
“ Protect him heav'n ! (the trembling Anna cry'd)
“ Ye leaden ministers of death fly wide !
“ Shield,

“ Shield, shield, my Edward ! to my arms restore !
“ Grant this kind heav’n ! and Anna asks no more.”

↓
The British troops march out to martial sounds,
To force the foe from Bunker’s hilly grounds.
And now the whizzing bullets pour amain,
And many a gallant youth drops on the plain.
From brazen lungs the cannon loudly roar ;
Their lengthen’d rumblings roll along the shore.
Dark, pitchy smoaks obscure the face of day,
And death grins ghastly o’er his bleeding prey.
Look back, and lo ! black curling columns rise,
And now fair Charles-Town illumines the skies.
The conflagration rapid spreads around,
And massy piles crush dreadful to the ground.
The piteous shrieks of females pierce the air :
Frantic through fear, and screaming in despair.

To Britain’s troops the victory’s decreed ;
If it be victory when brethren bleed.
Brisk gales now drive th’ obscuring clouds away,
And shew the carnag’d horrors of the day.

As when a midnight storm invades the sky,
And winged winds, and forked light’nings fly ;

With

With ruthless rage the tempest roars around,
And lofty oaks are levell'd with the ground.
Its force resistless sweeps from pole to pole;
The solid centre shakes: towns, towers, and temples fall.

At morn the peasant, struck with dread amaze,
The hideous havock of the night surveys:
With hands up-lifted pensive treads the green,
And weeps in anguish o'er the mournful scene.

Or as when rivers swell'd with sudden rains,
Burst o'er their banks, and foam along the plains.
The brown-dy'd deluge, spreading far and wide,
Sweeps corn and cattle down th' impetuous tide.
The flood now rolls within its bank-girt bounds;
The peasant views his re-appearing grounds.
With anxious eye he stalks along the shore,
In hopes (perchance) to find his ravag'd store.

So now promiscuous numbers crowd the plain,
To aid the wounded, or to weep the slain.
Nor Anna last; fear shook her tender frame;
To seek her Edward, Anna trembling came.
Nor was, alas! her virtuous search in vain;
She found him breathless on the purple plain.

Awhile

Awhile she stood, absorb'd in deep distress,
Silent, and as a statue motionless.

On her wan visage sat desponding woe;
Her pulse forgot to beat, her blood to flow.
The pearly griefs gush'd from her eyes at last,
She wrung her hands, and smote her snow-white
breast;

Then sunk on Edward's corse with piteous shrieks;
She wip'd away the blood, and kiss'd his clay-cold
cheeks.

"My babes! my innocents, approach," she cry'd,
"Kneel, kneel you down by your dead father's side.
"Kiss his cold lips, and take your last adieu;
"I widow'd, and without a father you!"

She rose, and sorrowing, fought the wave-wash'd
shore;

(I, poor assistant! all her earthly store.)

There drooping sat, nor ceas'd her doleful moan;
The hollow rocks reverbrate groan for groan.

A generous captain view'd the weeping fair,
And, pitying, asks, "whence flows thy deep despair?"
In broken accents she her tale express'd;
Then, "Oh! let tender pity touch thy breast;

"Me,

“ Me, and my griefs to Britain’s shores convey,
 “ And heaven (I cannot) will the deed repay.”
 He took the suppliant mourner by the hand,
 And aids her steps along the shelvy strand:
 Safely convey’d her to the bark, that stood
 Destin’d for Britain on the heaving flood.

Cleaving the waves the stately vessel steers;
 The land now lessens: now quite disappears.
 The heav’ns propitious lent their Western gales,
 And welcome breezes fill’d their bellying sails.

Now Cornwall’s white-rob’d cliffs far-distant rise,
 And meet the mariners’ exploring eyes.
 And now the bark rides safe in Plymouth sound,
 And with loud thunders greets the British ground.

Plymouth’s kind sons the needy stranger ey’d,
 And Anna’s wants with bounteous hand supply’d.

And now her native Cumbria’s plains she fought,
 With weary’d steps, and retrospective thought.
 Toilsome the journey; many a mile she trod;
 But her sweet babes beguile the tedious road;

They

They liſping prate, and innocently ſmile ;
She gaz'd with tranſport, and forgot her toil.

Now the bleak blaſts of Cumbria's cooler air,
Demand freſh cloathing for her infant-care.
ME, the laſt ſhilling of her earthly hoard,
She paid, and left me on the mercer's board.
Hence to thy hand I came in courſe of trade,
When for that Remnant, which thou darn'ſt, thou
paid.

A broad crown-piece upon the board thou threw,
And took ME up ; a ſhilling was thy due.

Thus have I penn'd obedient to thy will,
My late Adventures with the grey-gooſe quill.
And now a boon I aſk ; nor thou reſuſe ;
'Tis all thy vaſſal for his ſervice dues.

As when the mariner by tempeſts toſt,
On raging ſeas, fights for ſome calmer coaſt.
When winds and billows roar, and burſt around,
He pants once more to view his native ground.
There, ſafe arriv'd, he treads the peaceful plain,
And ne'er more dares the dangers of the main.

So

So grant me (now my toils and troubles past)
 The joys of sweet serenity to taste :
 'To steal from life, in this sequester'd lawn,
 Blameless, uncensur'd, and almost unknown.
 With thee down WEISA's winding banks I'll stray,
 And view thee coax the gold-bespeckled prey ;
 But ne'er let cards, cock-fighting, or the dice,
 Thy faithful follower from thy side entice.
 Nay, should keen thirst o'er thy parch'd throat
 prevail,
 Oh ! ne'er inter ME in a mug of ale !

F I N I S.